Notes
CSB

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF THE CONGREGATION OF PRIESTS OF SAINT BASIL — COLLECTED BY ROBERT JOSEPH SCOLLARD, CSB

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ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE
ARCHIVES

1911-1970

SERMONS & ADDRESSES

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Your Excellency, fellow priests, confreres, relatives and friends of Father Lacey:

There is no moment which so crystallizes the anguish and absurdi ty of life for the unbeliever or which so tests the Hope of the believer as the moment of the death and burial of someone we have known and loved. At this time the schock and grief of loss tear away the curtain of distraction which we had placed between ourselves and the thought of that last moment of our earthly existence. We are forced to face the uncomfortable truth of the inevitability of our own departure from this world. The seventeenth century French philosopher, Blaise Pascal, said very well: "The actual danger of death is easier to bear if one does not think of it, than the

mere thought of death when there is no danger." Today we are face to face with the fact of death, with the thought of our own death.

But we are not here obsessed with feelings of anxiety and despair as those without Faith, for whom death is unreal and meaningless but as Christians whose trust in the promises of Our Savior prompts us to temper our grief with confidence. We are here in the same church where Father Lacey served for several years, offering to God the same Eucharistic sacrifice on the same altar where he offered it himself for others on so many occasions. We turn to God at this time because there is no one else on whom we can rely for comfort, consolation and maneing.

It is rather striking to consider the fact that the gospel readings in the various Masses for the Dead, whether they be those on All Souls' Day, at Anniversary of Daily Masses or at the Mass on the Day of Death or Burial have all been selected from the Gospel account of St. John. Perhaps it is because John does not regard union with God as something in the future, as something remote, which begins with death and is consummated by a Last Judgment at the end of time, but as something which is present during life on earth — as something to which death confers a fuller reality but does not interrupt or change. "He who believes in the Son of God is not judged, but he who does not believe is already judged." "Amen I say to you, he who hears my word and

and believes him who sent me has life everlasting, and does not come to judgment but has passed from death to life." The passage from life to death is not a brusque change but a deepening fulfilment. For those who have followed Christ during life, death simply removes the veil from the face of the One whose hands have been supporting and guiding them. St. John stresses this aspect of the Christian meaning of death. That is why it is appropriate that we meditate on His account of the Words of Christ at these times when the thought of death is paramount in our minds, is difficult to bear.

And the Gospel selection which we have just finished reading is also intended to give us a fuller appreciation of this

positive aspect of the mystery of death. Our Blessed Lord raised Lazarus from the dead at the prayer of his sister Martha but Lazarus returned to life only to die again later. He was not granted the gift of immortality. The true significance of this miracle lies in its symbolism: "I am the resurrection and the life; he who believes in me even if he die shall live; and whoever lives and believes in me shall never die." For the Christian, death and resurrection, life and immortality are two aspects of the same mystery.

God gave to Father Lacey the warning of his approaching death as he was vesting for Mass of the Vigil of Easter. Even though he was to recover from this seizure, Providence had ordained that his death

and resurrection to a new life be closely associated with that of His Divine Master. He died one month later.

At the time of death we are accustomed to recall the lives and accomplishments of those whose passage from life we mourn and it is fitting that we do so, because it is only at this time that we can make a final judgment on the lives of others and on their happiness. Four hundred years ago, the philosopher Montaigne wrote in one of his Essays: "Men cannot be called happy until they have been seen to pass the last day of their lives, because of the uncertainty and mutability of human things which at a very slight impulse change from one state into another, or, in modern terms, he may have found fulfilment. That is

because in this last scene between death and ourselves there is no more counterfeiting. That is why all the other actions of our life ought to be tried and tested by this last act. It is the master-day, it is the day that is judge of all the rest ... We shall then see whether our reasonings come only from our mouth of from our heart."

It is at this last moment when change is no longer possible that we can truly say that a man has been faithful to his vocation, that he has lived up to his commitments, that his reasonings have been from his heart and not only from his mouth. Lawrence Lacey died faithful to his vocation as a Christian which began sixty years ago at Baptism; to his

calling as a member of the Congregation of St. Basil which began forty years ago when he entered the Novitiate; to his commitment to the priesthood which began thirty-three years ago when he received Major Orders. There was no turning back, notaking back in his relations with God.

As we review his life it is significant to note that from the moment of his Baptism by Father Michael Christian in the Basilian parish of St. John the Baptist in Amherstburg in 1908 to the moment he suffered a fatal heart seizure on a street in Hamilton three days ago, exactly sixty years elapsed. Both his Baptism and his death took place on May 15th. God had given to Father Lacey precisely sixty years to spend in His

service, almost to the minute. Forty of these years were spent in religious life, thirty-three in the priesthood. Twenty-three of his priestly years were passed in parish work, thirteen at St. Anne's Parish in Houston, the remainder at Assumption Parish in Lethbridge and Holy Rosary in Toronto. Earlier he had taught in Basilian High Schools in Toronto, Rochester and Houston. He went wherever there was the work of God and the Congregation and that of the last several years was accompanied by a good deal of physical suffering.

I knew Father Lacey best of all during his years as Pastor of St. Anne's Parish in Houston. I know how much he liked and loved the people and his work in Texas. He may even have had what archaic

spiritual writers teremed "an inordinate attachment." I only know how difficult he found it to leave and to go to his new assignment as Pastor of Assumption in Lethbridge and he survived only by decorating the rectory walls with Texas scenes. He never really re-adjusted to the rigors of the Western Canadian climate, but he did his work and did it well because that was part of his generous make-up. That same generosity prompted him to go to St. Basil's Parish in Ottawa to assist in the work there during the last few months of his life. He went where he was needed.

Larry Lacey was a human being and as a human being he was not without faults but none of them were serious ones and it will not be because of them that he

will be remembered. He will be remembered most of all because he was a generous human being...a human being with an infectious sense of humor who had the intellifence and the balance to laugh at the incongruities in himself and others; a human being who was self-effacing, who recognized his limitations, who was willing to use his talents in the service of God; a human being dedicated to his Congregation, to his Priesthood, to the service of God and of the souls of men. The presence of his humanity will be greatly missed.

It will be missed by his sister, his brothers, his nieces and nephews who feel his loss most keenly; it will be missed by his confreres, by the members of the Congregation with whom he lived

and prayed and worked; and, lastly, it will be missed by those who benefitted from his ministrations — by those who received absolution from his lips, who offered Mass with him, who were assisted by his counsel and aided by his efforts. To all of them we extend our sympathy. But, in our sense of loss, we must remember that his was not a wasted-life — the tribute of your presence and your prayers this morning bears ample evidence to the fact that Lawrence Lacey did not go through life unnoticed, and we can say the world is a better place because he passed this way. May his soul rest in peace with the risen Christ.

(Sermon preached by Father William J. Young at the funeral of Father Lawrence Lacey in Holy Rosary Church, Toronto, May 18, 1968, a Saturday. Transcribed from the preacher's typescript.

FATHER CARR'S SPEECH AT THE INAUGURAL DINNER, september 9, 1958

We hope you will not be dissatisfied with your places. If you have a place of prominence or distinction, it is an accident. We merely tried not to have all priests or all the university men and Dean Mawdsley together at a table. After that it was eenie-meenie-minee-mo.

His Grace Archbishop Duke will welcome His Excellency Archbishop Panico to the College and thank him for his gracious kindness in blessing it.

His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate is having a heavy week and we are sparing him the strain of a speech. There will be no toasts and only three speeches; one by His Grace Archbishop Duke, one by President MacKenzie, and one by myself as Principal of the College.

My cup of happiness overflowed this morning when word came that President MacKenzie was back form the east and would be with us. It would have been a greater disappointment to me than words could express if he were not here. I shall have more to say about him later.

On behalf of St. Mark's College, I would like to add our voice of welcome to our distinguished guest of honour, the Most

Reverend Archbishop Giovanni Panico, Apostolic Delegate to Canada. Your Excellency, it is a great pleasure and happiness for us to have the Holy Father present with us this evening in your person. It is an augury for the life and work of St. Mark's College in the service of the Church and of God. We would be most grateful to Your Excellency if you would be so kind as to convey to His Holiness our sincere sentiments of filial affection, loyalty and devotion.

Your Grace Archbishop Duke, Archbishop Johnson, Your Excellencies, Father Abbot Eugene, Right Reverend, Very Reverend and Reverend Clergy, Ladies and Gentlemen, what I have to say will take longer than I would wish. If it is too long, there is some extenutation, that you only opne a college once. There will never be another chance. And I may say I have really cut my speech to the bone. I hope it will not tire you.

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With St. Mark's College functioning as an affiliated college, it may well be that the Catholic students of British Columbia will enjoy facilities for education second to none open to other Catholic students anywhere else in the world.

If it should be ture, it would, indeed, be something wonderful. It might be true and we might be so close that we cannot see or appreciate their exceptional condition.

In these remarks of mine I would like to explore this possibility. To do so, it will be necessary to take a look at the state of Catholic education in other places, particularly at the university level.

Obviously, it is not possible to give a survey of Catholic education in every country. It will suffice for us if we examine briefly, Catholic education in the United States and Britain, with perhaps a glance at the continent.

At the present time, Catholic education in the United States is passing through a severe crisis. To a lesser degree and partly as a result of the crisis in America, Catholic education in Britain is passing through a similar experience.

On May 14th, 1955, at St. Louis, Monsignor Ellis, professor of history at the Catholic University of America, spoke on "American Catholics and the intellecutal life". This lecture produced a chain reaction and was like a hydrogen bomb explosion for Catholic educators in America.

As Bishop Wright says in a prefatory note to the published address in book form, "This study by Monsignor Ellis is making an unusually important contribution to the interpretation and, perhaps, even the direction of our times on the relationship of Catholicism to American intellectual life."

He continues: "This particular paper is the most provocative and quite possibly the best of many which have appeared in recent months as the "great debate" on Catholic American intellectualism has developed.

"Monsignor Ellis' paper provoked a reaction that is in itself, irrefutable evidence of how well-timed and accurate are his contentions. A great number of others were emboldened by his statements to lift their own voices on the urgency of a re-evaluation of Catholic intellectual life in the United States, and their witness frequently added proof both that the cause is critical and that it is far from hopeless. The passion with which the few dissenters from Monsignor Ellis position set forth their indignant reservations proved that he had touched a tender nerve ...

"Future progress and expansion will come only through a determined effort based upon the development of Catholic scholarship. It is to this problem that Monsignor Ellis addresses himself os effectively

and we recommend a reading, and a re-reading of his provocative message at periodic and regular intervals. We have need for an Apostolate of distinction.

"Monsignor Ellis' case can be stated in a few words and these his own; 'Admittedly, the weakest aspect of the Church in this country lies in its failure to produce national leaders and to exercise commanding influence in intellectual circles, and this at a time when the number of Catholics in the United States is exceeded only by those of Brazil and Italy, and their material resources are incomparably superior to those of any other branch of the universal Church. What, one may ask, is the explanation of this striking discrepancy?"

Monsignor Ellis cites a few examples of the many studies in recent years on the relationship between religious affiliation and national leadership, especially in intellectual affairs.

I will mention only two of these studies. The others show the same pattern. A study in the Scientific Monthy <of December 1931> gathered its data mainly from the standard guide, American Men of Science. Out of 303 top scientists investigated only 3 were Catholics. In 1952 Knapp and Goodrich sifted 18,000 names from among 45,000 scientists. From these they then drew up a list of

fifty institutions which led in the production of scientists. No Catholic college or university received a place among the fifty leaders. Through all the studies it is the same story. Test after test had been made of educational institutions in the United States to evaluate them on the grounds of academic excellence and always without any Catholic institution being ranked among the top leaders.

So much for Monsignor Ellis' address. The whole address is on a line with what I have given you, equally startling and even devastating.

Now; Father Cavanaugh of Notre Dame.

Here is an item in Time for December 10th, 1957: "Until a couple of years ago," says former President John J. Cavanaugh of Notre Dame University, "U.S. Catholics sincerely believed that their schools, colleges and universities were generally as good as almost any in the land. Then Monsignor John Tracey Ellis, Professor of Church History at Catholic University of America, delivered his now famous lecture on "American Catholics and the Intellectual Life'. Last week, taking off from Ellis' lecture, Father Cavanaugh sounded the alarm again.

"For 50 years, he said, evidence has been accumulating that 'the intellectual

prestige of American Catholics seems to be lower than the intellectual prestige of Catholics in any other country in the Western World.'

Father Cavanaugh then quotes the examples given above from Monsignor Ellis' address. He concluded: "I certainly take no delight in disturbing your minds with such humiliating evidence. We could, however, reflect upon many other facts to show that 35,000,000 Catholics of this country and our educational system are not producing anywhere near their proportion of leaders...of the 50 so-called business leaders announced by Forbes Magazine last month, only two are Catholics, and one of these two, Henry Ford II, is a convert. Even casual observation of the daily newspapers and the weekly magazines leads a Catholic to ask 'Where are the Catholic Salks, Oppenheimers, Einsteins?' What the Catholics need to do, said Cavanaugh, is not only to strengthen their schools and colleges but recaputre their tradition as intellectual leaders. Unfortunately, the 2,500,000 alumni of Catholic collges and universities do not seem to be doing much of anything.

"I am a member of the board of the Fund for Adult Education of the Ford Foundation. In the last six years we have given away $29,000,000 ... not a single Catholic programme of adult education, as far as I can remember, received a dime.

This has been due, not to bigotry but to the fact that there has not been one request made which meets the reasonable conditions that the Fund lays down."

The distinguished Jesuit theologian Father Gustave Weigel in an article in the Review of Politics and other speeches and writings confirms everything Msgr. Ellis and Father Cavanagh say and plumbs deeper. All of this is public property. It is being freely discussed in national weeklies like America, Commweal, Time, Chicago Tribune.

Let us now turn to Catholic intellectual life in England. There is no Catholic university and no Catholic colleges affiliated with any university, except in the last few years in connection with colleges of Teacher Training.

Whether interest in Higher Education in England has been sparked by the cataclysm in America or not, I cannot say. It has undoubtedly been profoundly interested in it.

During this present month there will take place a general meeting for all England and Wales of all Catholics interested in Catholic Higher Education. The Archbishop of Westminster will preside on the opening day. The latest number of the Dublin Review is devoted to setting the stage for this meeting. The Dublin Review which, by the way, is

published in London and has nothing to do with the city of Dublin, was founded by Cardinal Wiseman in 1836. It is a quarterly and a sober, solid, respected review and its reputation and prestige stands high both within the Church and without.

The articles in this issue were selected with an eye to this coming meeting. They describe conditions in different fields and raise questions which, it is thought, will be of interest. Sometimes they point to possible solutions.

From this Review, I will try to give you some idea of what things are like in the Catholic intellectual life of Britain.

It is the same story as that of the Catholic intellectual life in the United Sates. Time prevents taking up the articles one by one. It would only be piling up Pelion on Ossa. Every article points out that the intellectual life of Catholics in England is markedly inferior to that of non-Catholics. In fact, the Bishop of Salford in the first article thinks that Catholics in the United States are better off.

I will confine myself to the article of Father Knowles. I make no bones about quoting him at length. It is almost the same as having him here and giving the paper himself.

Professor David Knowles if the top Catholic scholar in Britain. I will risk

that statement. He is Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. He is a Roman Catholic priest. He contributed a paper to this issue of the Dublin Review on "The Need for Catholic Historical Scholarship". He says in part: "While it is true that faith is a gift of God and that the gospel can be preached and heard by little ones and by the unlearned, it is also true that once we begin to consider the part of human endeavor in the matter of understanding and penetrating the truths of faith and the ways of God, a knowledge of history is, after theology, and the study of scripture, the most valuable of all mental possessions. The argument from history is one of the strongest arguments of the apologists for the divine origin of the Church. Indeed, a familiarity with the early history of the Church does far more than serve as a setting to the gospel narrative; it gives the Christian of today a kind of hindsight into the economy of salvation.

"Again and again the Catholic Christian must exclaim to himself, as he reads the letters of the apostolic Fathers or the Enchiridion of St. Augustine: 'There is our faith, there is our life. We are the true heirs of the faith and the sacramental life of those men.' It is, or should be, one of the great gifts of a study of history that the superficial differences, the changing garments of

centuries, are not mistaken for change of substance and essence.

"Yes in spite of the value of history to Catholics as individuals and to the Church in every country as a discipline, and as an aid to theology, the number of Catholic historians — that is, of those seriously engaged upon scholarly writing and research — is at the present moment very small in the British Isles.

"This is not due to any difficulties or prejudice that Catholics encounter, for these may be said to be nonpexistent today in the academic world of English-speaking countries. Nor is there any prejudice against a revision of history in a sense favorable to the Church, if the evidence leads a fair enquirer that way. Naturally, Catholics and Free Church historians will never agree in the interpretation they put upon such a confused and controversial period as that of the Reformation between the emergence of Luther and the end of the Council of Trent, but even here the extent of agreement upon questions of fact is far greater than it was fifty years ago. Where there is no living issue at stake, the agreement is all but complete. Whether it be the age of Constantine or that of Beda, the contest of Empire and Papacy or the development of scholastic thought, the general unanimity of treatment among historians of all nations and confessions is as noteworthy as it is welcome.

"For all this, there is a dearth of Catholic scholars in England. To one who considers the matter it can scarcely be in doubt that Catholics today in England make a poorer show in scholarship and in the academic world than they do in almost any other activity of educated men.

"In the rapidly expanding academic world, and above all in the smaller class of productive scholars, it is very low, and this is true also within our own class of historians. This lack of Catholic scholars is apparent if we take another angle of vision. Within the past sixty years, the history of the Church in mediaeval England from Augustine to Cranmer, has been systematically explored and rewritten. In the nineteenth century almost all accounts, apart from Lingard's, were tinged, if not with an anti-Catholic, at least with a pro-Protestant or a pro-Anglican bias. Today we can read in the standard histories and the textbooks of the highest calibre, the history of the Church in England presented with a technical correctness and absolute fairness that a Catholic could not wish to see bettered. There exists no longer in the mediaevalcenturies any distinction of outlook, any serious difference of interpretation between Catholics and non-Catholics. This great work has been done by a multitude of hands, many of them those of devout Anglicans. This is a great

achievement and it is being continued today by younger scholars.

"What has been said of the dearth of Catholic scholars is particularly applicable to the clergy, both regular and secular. Here the contrast is not so much between Catholic and non-Catholic as between English and Continental. Abroad, and especially in France, Belgium, Germany, and latterly also Italy and Spain, many of the most distinguished names in the fields of Church History and mediaeval history of all kinds are those of priests. What country other than France could produce — and sell — that magnificent series of Dictionaires of Theology, of History, of Spirituality, of Apologetics and of Canon Law that are the finest minument of our age of Catholic scholarship. There can be no doubt that the great need in the field of history is for more Catholics and priests competent to fill a post and take their place alongside non-Catholics in the academic world.

"ONE COULD WISH, now that universities are springing up like asparagus in May, THAT THERE WAS IN THIS COUNTRY SOME INSTITUTE OF THE QUALITY OF THE PONTIFICAL INSTITUTE AT TORONTO."

When I read that sentence six weeks ago, I was dazed. It was like a dream, I could hardly believe my eyes. I am still in a daze whenever I think of it.

I think I should repeat that sentence of Father Knowles: "One could wish that there was in this country some institute of the quality of the Pontifical Institute at Toronto." It is only reasonable to suppose that some of you never heard of the Pontifical Institute at Toronto. It is the Institute of Mediaeval Studies with a Charter from the Holy See empowering it to grant degrees. It emerged out of St. Michael's College, like a butterfly from a cocoon.

I shall have a word or two to say about it in a moment. I will only say now that Dr. Knowles, the greatest English Catholic scholar, picks it out from the whole English-speaking world, as the ideal and model for Catholic scholarship. He wishes they could have something like it in England. And there is a tone of regret in his words, as if it is something too high to hope for in the near future.

I said in the beginning that there might be possibilities here at St. Mark's and we could be too near to see them. There are some in Toronto, some at St. Michael's College, and even at the Institute itself, who did not realize the treasure they had until a scholar from England told them.

Dr. Knowles continues on: "A learned clergy, or at least a solid body of

learning among the clergy, is always a distinction and a power to a Church. The Catholic clergy in England contains, in proportion to its numbers, few scholars and of those few, the majority either belong to religious orders or are converts from Anglicanism.

"It is notable and in some ways deplorable that the (Catholic) houses of study at the universities, both of the religious and the secular clergy, that have been in existence now, some of them for more than half a century, should have produced so few writers or scholars of note.

"A plea may be made for the young priest or religious who shows promise of real scholarship and aptitude for research. He will always be ra e.

"He need not fear that he is not doing priestly work. He may remind himself, if he will, that no less an authority than Pope Pius XI proclaimed in an encyclical that fine scholarship was in the modern world, the most efficacious of all apostolic work.

He ends up: "Should we be content to enjoy, without effort of own, the wealth of learning and sober criticism that comes to us from the historians of Louvain, of Toronto and of Paris?"

Once more he singles out Toronto from the Catholic English-speaking world. And it is not the University of Toronto he means, but the Institute of Mediaeval Studies.

When St. Michael's College was preparing for and developing the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies, the revenue and resources of the College were so meagre that its budget must have placed it in the lowest class of Catholic colleges in America. It had no endowment whatever. Its only source of revenue was the fees of the students and these fees were very small.

In spite of this, by concentrating on one field, the history of mediaeval philosophy, the College was able to offer salaries to a few key men which large universities were not able to pay.

By limiting its library expenditures to this special field, as years passed, the College was able to build up under the guidance of Professor Gilson, a library of mediaeval philosophy which is considered the finest in America. At the Institute, mediaeval philosophy can be pursued, as far as materials are concerend, as competently as in Europe.

For example $5,000 is a small item in any obscure college. Let a college set aside each year $5,000 for library in a

special limited field over the years. Even the greatest universities in America cannot afford to do that. For professors, the College went after the very best Catholic scholars anywhere in the world. The Institute is Gilson's work. The idea was his and his spirit and the vital force that animated it. Since shortly after the beginning, Jacques Maritain has lectured there almost every year and has been so closely associated with Gilson and with the Institute, that he looks upon it as his child too.

Before Gilson and Maritain came, Maurice De Wulf, the greatest authority on mediaeval philosophy of that era, and the great Irish-British educator, Sir Bertram Windle, prepared the way for them.

Until the Institute was granted its charter by the Holy See, it was the creation of St. Michael's College and an integral part of the College. When it became a Pontifical Institute, it became a separate entity from St. Michael's College. It is independent, although the College helps it generously by way of material assistance. It could not continue to exist without the help it receives from the College. Besides, through the College, the Institute functions in the graduate faculty of the University of Toronto and through this, the students at the Institute, apart from the degrees granted by the Institute, earn the Ph.D. degree from the University of Toronto.

It looks like the providence of God that Gilson and Maritain came to the Institute. It was St. Michael's College that brought them together. They had not met until the College asked Gilson, first, if he would approve inviting Maritain and when he did, asked him to see Maritain and try to arrange it.

Gilson is the great master of mediaeval philosophy. He is accepted as such and admired by all scholars. He stands alone.

Maritain is the greates Catholic philosopher. They are perfectly complementary to each other. One of them, I forget which, likened the union to the Siamese twins.

Once, at the College, someone asked Gilson, "Do you agree with Maritain" on a certain question of philosophy. Gilson answered: "I agree with everything he has said and with everything he will say."

Gilson and Maritain are the two great intellectuals of the Catholic Church today. Nor are they intellectually cloistered in ivory towers; their influence inside the Church has been incalculable and outside the Church as well.

In the latest number of the New Scholasticism, James Collins gives us an insight into how this great pair of schol-

ars is appreciated by Catholic philosophers. James Collins is the leading American Catholic philosopher.

He says: "The impact of Maritain and Gilson upon the intellecutal life of Christians in America is deep and widely ramified. It is difficult to conceive of the precise shape which our present philosophising would be taking, had we not been affected so basically by their work.

God has blessed the Institute of Mediaeval Studies in Toronto. It has always had to battle with difficulties. It leads a precarious existence on its slim revenue. I am tempted to say: it is my prayer that these difficulties will always beset it. As I have said, it is not a matter of money, it is the dedicated spirit of scholarship and learning. If such things can be measured, I would venture to say that the Institute of Mediaeval Studies is more important for the Church and so for God and for society, than all the other works of the Basilian Order put together.

All the time when I have been speaking of the Institute, I have really been talking about St. Mark's College.

There is no reason in the world why something similar should not come into being here. It need not and should not be slavish imitation. There is plenty of

room for quite a number of similar centres, all different.

In a few years, St. Mark's College can build up a library in a special field, such as the University of British Columbia with all its millions, could not possibly afford to buy. In fact, through the generosity of Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Hatch of Toronto, a modest start is already being made.

And now a word about this new building. Until shortly before the six Bishops of British Columbia took shovels and a wheelbarrow in their hands a little over a year ago, the building of St. Mark's College seemed only a dream for the future.

Of course, the setting was always here, the elevation, the sea, and the mountains. God gave them. No creative work of man could rival them. If St. Mark's College were only a lean-to, as someone suggested, it would have a situation of beauty unsurpassed anywhere in the world. The only flaw is that the land belongs to the University and it is only leased to the College for 999 years.

But man has added to nature. The College is, first of all, functional to the last detail and is the last word in expert skill and workmanship. We thank with all our hearts the Doyle Construction

Company and the subsidiary companies and workmen, who so ably assisted them. And it is athing of beauty. The whole, the usefulness and the beauty, is the child of the brain of the architect, Mr. Peter Thornton, of the firm Gardiner, Thornton and Gathe. This College, as it stands tonight, is Mr. Thornton's work. Practically every detail of the building, every table, every chair, every light, every desk, every window-drape colour, he designed or selected them all.

If we have contributed anything, it is that we did not interfere with him.

We thank him and his associates. Our sincere gratitude goes out to the many thousands of Catholics of the archdiocese of Vancouver for their generous support in the drive. The College stands as a memorial of their sacrifice.

In the many visitors who have passed through St. Mark's in the last few months, it is surprising how many said, with pride, "I helped to build this." God bless them.

The present chapel and library are only intended to be temporary. As for the residence, applications are already coming for the year 59-60. A permanent chapel and a permanent library with two more residential units will complete the plan for the near future. It is a big undertaking. However, it does not look nearly as formidable as these present

buildings looked a little over a year ago. The College is the Catholic centre for all Catholic students at University. It hopes to embrace all phases of Catholic life: Mass, the sacraments, Christian doctrine, devotions, social activities. The Newman Club is now an integral part of the work of the College. The Club retains its identity and autonomy and will continue the yeoman service it has performed in the past. We hope to have a special occasion and a special day later on, when we can show our appreciation of the fine spirit of co-operation to the present members of the Newman Club and to the students who carried on the work up to now.

We thank the laymen who over the years worked to bring the College to pass. We are very happy in being on the campus and affiliated with the University and in our associations with the administration, the senate and members of the staff. They have been most understanding and kind. We are pleased and happy to be able to say that we have become friends and in many cases, close friends with those who are our colleagues.

We thank the Deans who were able to be with us on this occasion, and appreciate their expression of the relations of St. Mark's with the University.

Naturally, I could speak at length about

President MacKenzie, who for long years now, has been a dear friend of mine. I could not say enough of his unfailing understanding, encouragement and help. I hold myself back because I think he would rather I did so.

The same is true of Archbishop Johnson. Those of you who heard him speak during the University College and Welfare Drive, will know how dear to his heart St. Mark's College is. I could make a long speech about him too. Altogether, apart from my own personal, close association with him over many years and warm friendship, St. Mark's College has every reason to thank God for the high vision, enthusiasm, and driving energy of Archbishop Johnson. With him behind her, under God, she cannot fail.

I have left Archbishop Duke until the last and rightly so. Many men and many events have converged and united to bring St. Mark's College into being. The mind which conceived the idea was the mind of His Grace. Although the university in 1930 approached the Archbishop first, his was the indomitable determination that clung tenaciously through many difficult years and would never give up, no matter how formidable and seemingly impossible the obstacles that met him and his efforts.

As you all know from the first days of his episcopate education has been his chief and absorbing concern. In the

matter of education, he has proved himself a churchman of the first rank. He could never have died until he settled the question of higher education for Catholics on a satisfactory and firm foundation. In twenty years of persistent and determined work, he never faltered and he experienced many discouraging disappointments. In this work he was a man of one idea. That idea was the good of the Church and souls and so of God. First and cheifly through education he considered the good of the whole man. He looked at Catholics as members of society as a whole and as citizens. He never forgets that Catholics are Canadians and is always anxious to see them take part in civic affairs.

St. Mark's College manifest this feature of his work in that it brings Catholics into contact and association with the sons of God who do not belong to the visible Church. Here he is at one with His Holines Pope Pius who urges even sisters to make contact with those outside the Church,

One of the great blessings God has given me is the long intimate friendship with His Grace. If there had been no St. Mark's College, that friendship would have been what it is now, one of the great treasures of my life.

But, of course, there is a St. Mark's College and Archbishop Duke has been be-

hind it all the time with encouragement and support. Without him, it would never have been born.

It is one thing to set up an institution like this. It is quite a different thing to carry it on, year after year. That depends upon the men who conduct it. It is our earnest prayer and hope that the staff of St. Makr's College, in the years that lie ahead, will measure up to the great opportunities that are theirs, prove worthy of the confidence Archbishop Duke has placed in them, and help the Catholics of British Columbia to take their proper place in the knowledge and love of God in the Church, in secular learning and culture and in Society.

St. Mark's College may prove to be the best system for Catholic higher education anywhere, and a moderl to be followed, and this will always be our humble prayer and hope. If it lives up to its promise, it will be carrying out the ardent desire of the Holy Father in seeking truth and helping, through knowledge of the truth — God is Truth — to unite all mankind into one family through Christ, Our Lord.

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Ces paroles que le Seigneur nous adresse aujourd'hui, comme il les adressait autrefois à la foule des Juifs, doivent orienter notre prière et notre attitude de chrétiens en face de la mort. Cette mort corporelle nous effraye, nous afflige parce qu'elle nous sépare de ceux qui ont partagé notre existence, parce qu'il y a en chaque être humain un désire intense de vie. Mais our ceux qui ont entendu la voix du Fils de Dieu, la mort ne triomphe pas, comme nous le rappelait St. Paul. Nous savons que le Christ, ce Saveur, dont nous allons bientôt commémorer la venue a donné sa propre vie pour tous ceux qui croient en Lui possèdent à leur tour cette vie même de Dieu, qui est éternelle.

"Ceux qui auront entendu la voix du Fils de Dieu vivront." Pour le défunt que nous entourons aujourd'hui, cette vie a commencé il y a un peu plus de 94 ans, lorsque au jour de son baptême, le 24 août 1873 le Christ a pris possession de son âme. Mais le Seigneur voulait faire de lui non seulement un serviteur mais un ami, en lui conférant les pouvoirs du sacerdoce. C'est le 23 septembre 1899, qu'il fut ordonné prêtre dans la communauté des Prêtres de St. Basile. Il avait alors 26 ans. Il ne devait exercer que pendant 4 ans, ici au Collège ou à Blidah, ce ministère de religieux-enseingnant qu'il avait choisi. La loi de 1903 contre les congrégations enesignantes, l'obligea à exercer un ministère pastoral dans le diocèse. Ce

ministère il l'exercera d'abord comme vicaire dans les paroisses de Desaignes, Roiffieux et St. Barthélémy le Plein jusqu'en 1911, puis comme curé de St. Michel de Chabrillanoux et de St. Romain d'Ay. Après 18 ans de service dans cette dernière paroisse il devait abandonner tout ministère pour raison de santé et se retirer en 1937 à la maison St. Joseph où la Communauté des Pères Basiliens venait de se regrouper. C'est là que le Père Mazet passa cette autre partie de sa vie, toute différente, faite de silence et de prière, entrecoupée des visites de paroissiens, lui manifestant ainsi leur profond attachement. Ce n'est pas sans émotion qu'il évoquait le souvenir de celui-ci ou de

celui-là qui avait profité de son sacerdoce.

Depuis quelques années ne pouvant même plus offrir le sacrifice de la messe, immense réconfort pour un prêtre, il faisait passer son offrande par les mains de la Vierge Marie, en l'invoquant avec son chapelet pour les uns ou les autres. Mais cette prière aussi était bien un service de prêtre.

Telle fut cette vie de 94 ans qu'il a présentée au Seigneur samedi matin. Une vie, un peu tourmentée par les événements, mais toute simple et remplie de fidélité, à la volonté de Dieu. Cela doit être pour nous l'occasion de renouveler au Seigneur notre fidélité, en gardant cette vie de baptisés, en

essayant de ne pas étouffer cette voix du Fils de Dieu qui se fait entendre quotidiennement.

Puisse le Seigneur le juger avec miséricorde et reconnaître en lui ce bon et fidèle serviteur. Que notre prière d'aujourd'hui qui passe par ce Christ sauveur, dans son sacrifice eucharistique lui obtienne cette vie éternelle que nous voulons tous partager dans l'assemblée des Saints.

(Homily preached at the funeral Mass of Father Louis Mazet on December 11, 1967, in the chapel of the Collège du Sacré-Coeur, Annonay, France, by Father Jean Roure. Transcribed from a copy deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto.

Let us praise illustrious men, our ancestors in their successive generations. In their descendents there remains a rich inheritance born of them. Ecclesiasticus.

I hesitated to accept when Father Wey asked me to speak at Father O'Toole's funeral. I hesitated because it had been a long time since I was stationed with Father and I felt that others in the intervening years have grown to know him better and could speak more deservedly about him. But I accepted. I accepted in spite of my obvious limitations, in spite of Father O'Toole's expressed wish that there be no eulogy. I accepted because I felt that today would give me an opportunity to repay in some small measure a debt of over thirty year's standing.

During the decade of the 1930's and the early 1940's, before colleges were as selective as they are today, Father O'Toole used to spend his summers in this area - in Rochester, Elmira, Oswego, Syracuse - beating the bushes trying to find students he could interest in going to St. Michael's College in Toronto. I was one of the hundreds he influenced to go there. I went to St. Michael's in the Fall of 1938. It was my

first association with the Basilian Fathers and I was not disappointed. I found all that Father O'Toole had promised and more. I found it, by today's collegiate standards, a small, poor, unimpressive college, but I also found it a great and rich college, too, rich in the human endowments of men who were giants completely dedicated to the Church and the work of the Christian education of youth. Father O'Toole was one of these giants.

In the years that followed I was privileged to live with these men, to study under them, to recreate with them. And all the time my admiration for them was growing and I wanted to be one of them.

It was to Father O'Toole that I first confided my desire to become a Basilian and it was he who encouraged me in my ambition, counselled me, directed and guided me to the Basilian life and the priesthood. I am happy today to be a Basilian; I am happy to be a priest and I look with gratitude to him who did so much to make my dream a reality. That is why today if, by what I say, I can make some others appreciate the greatness of the man, perhaps my debt will be partially paid.

I always admired Father O'Toole but it was during those meetings with him in his office in Fisher House, I guess you would call them spiritual direction, that I began to appreciate the depths of the man. It was the experience of entering into a castle whose grandeur one has long admired from the outside. During those meetings he taught me a great deal, helped me a great deal, but all the time he was unconsciosly revealing to me so much of his own inner self.

No one who ever sat in his classroom can forget the perfection of his professionalism, the careful preparation of every class, the magnificent rapport he enjoyed with his students, his limitless patience. Yet the driving force of this perfection I learned only in those personal encounters with him. There I learned his complete dedication to the work of Christ. "In working for our Divine Lord (he always referred to Christ that way) it would be a shabby service to offer Him less than our best", he used to say. It was this "best" that inspired such admiration in his students. Many recognized the "best"; perhaps a few realized the faith and dedication which inspired it. It was this same

dedication to leading youth to Christ that impelled him at the outbreak of World War II to follow his boys to where the action was. To his military chaplaincy he brought the same vigor and enthusiasm with which he taught a Latin declension or conjugation. For him it would have been a shabby service of Christ to act otherwise.

No one who ever saw him at the altar was not struck by the dignity with which he offered the Holy Sacrifice: the impeccable rubrics, his eloquent Latin. But I learned beyond that his deep, personal attachment to Christ in the Eucharist. I heard him speak so intimately about the Sacramental Presence. This devotion explained why night after night he would be found in the quiet darkness of the college chapel before the Blessed Sacrament.

And I learned about the spot reserved in his heart for the holy Mother of God - the woman in his life he used to call her. He loved her Rosary. I think he put it just after the Divine Office as a daily duty of the priest and religious. Even before I went to the Novitiate he would tell me,"no matter how full, how busy your

day might be, never let a day pass without saying her Rosary."

These are some of the things I remember. I think they are the things those remember whose lives he touched: the inspiration of his professional excellence in the service of Christ, his devotedness to the Holy Eucharist, his manly love for the Mother of God. These are his bequests. Could a priest-teacher leave a richer legacy to his students whom he has left behind?

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(Sermon preached by Father John A. Burke at the funeral of Father William O'Toole in St. Ambrose Church, Rochester, New York, on Monday, July 29, 1968. Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript).

For anyone who knew Father Bob Montague, there is no need for a homily or a euology today. This feast of All Saints, this gospel on the beatitudes with its conclusion, "Be glad, ye, be overjoyed your reward in heaven is great", say all that needs to be said about his life. However, not everyone here had the privilege of knowing Bob and for this reason I would like to say a few words this morning about how his life affected some Basilians.

I speak as one who knew him well twenty years ago when we spent a year together at St. Basil's Novitiate in Richmond Hill. Our paths separated after that but crossed often enough that I know the good that he did for me was multiplied many, many times among Basilians and among his students as well.

I speak not only for myself but for all thirteen of that novitiate class when I recall his contribution to our group. He arrived about two months after the rest of us - just mustered out of the Nay, a Lieutenant Commander, captain of a convoy ship in the Canadian Navy - the youngest man in the service with this commission.

We were, novices all, just out of High School, wrestling with the call to serve Christ as Basilian priests, wanting to commit our lives but struggling to break the ties that held us back, when into our midst came a MAN, a man who had made up his mind to give himself completely to the service of God and man as best he could. I don't exaggerate when I say that some of his spirit, some of his firm commitment rubbed off on all of us. The fact that all thirteen finally made that same commitment is in no small part due to Bob Montague. His death leaves thirteen Basilians who are better men for that year spent with him.

The novitiate life was exacting but Bob gave more than was ever required by novitiate life. Amongst kids he became a kid again. It was his way of teaching us that sophistication was not really very important. And over the years, wherever Bob has lived in our community the effect was the same. Who could measure the impact of such a life?

To be a priest was his goal when he came to the Novitiate. To be another Christ. There is only

one priest - Christ. He calls men to participate in His priestly work. To bridge the gap between God and men. To bring the life and sacrifice and resurrection to all men. To offer the Sacrifice of the Mass for God's people.

It is a fact that Bob told one of our novitiate classmates the day he concelebrated his First Mass, the day of his ordination, that there was nothing to look forward to now but death as a fulfillment. Only death could make more complete his dedication to God's work. Death would bring fulfillment of a life dedicated to God. Those who knew him will not dismiss this as sentiment, brought on by the occasion.

I recall during Bob's seminary and early priestly years asking him about something he had often mentioned - a desire to give his life more completely to God in a contemplative life - in the Trappists. It was a real difficulty for him and only his awareness of the need that others had for him kept him from this step.

It is strange that, considering the admiration and respect that I had for Bob, when I think back to his seminary days what immediately stands out is his beautiful tenor voice singing

the Irish Ballds he loved. I can still hear him singing the "Mountains of Maurin" and "Kathlleen" while an undergraduate here at St. Michael's College. No one who witnessed his portrayal of Beckett in Murder in the Cathedral could forget how naturally he suited the role of saint and martyr. The effectiveness of his acting was shown when he came to the centre of the stage to give the Archbishop's Christmas sermon, and when he blessed himself to begin it, the whole audience did likewise.

He was in the Seminary as in the Novitiate, a dedicated person, a man of prayer, a wonderful community man. Andwhat he was in the Novitiate and in the Seminary, he was as a priest. While I was not around to see it, I know that those who had anything to dowwith him could not help but be affected by his life.

Six months ago when I heard of Bob's illness, I felt optimistic, knowing the strength and the spirit of the man. As reports grew more ominous I heard and readily believed the stories of his cheerfulness to friends and relatives who came to visit him. It was characteristic that he should view his illness not from his

point of view but from theirs. If his illness made him sad it would be because it hurt the ones he loved, not that it hurt him.

We have lost a wonderful person, a beloved brother, an inspiring confrere and exceptional priest, a good friend. But we have not lost him. He is still with us because of his union with Christ. There is only tragedy in his death if we do not often recall the meaning of his life.

Bob loved to offer Mass and when a Christian priest(or layman)dies in faith and love he is exercising his priesthood for the last time, saying his last Mass. He is playing his part for the last time in redeeming the world and entering the fulness of Christ's death. This last Mass for Bob has been, I'm certain, the holiest and most real of all. Not that his death is more precious than the death of Christ which we celebrate in the Eucharist but because his death is his most total sharing in the Eucharist, in the life and death and resurrection of Christ. Knwoing how Bob looked on death takes the sting from our grief, for him, death was the fulfillment of his Mass.

If our liturgical celebration of Mass is to be real it must resemble that moment when we will say with Christ, as Bob did, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

(Sermon preached by Father Edward McLean in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, November 1, 1968, at the funeral of Father Robert Montague. Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript)

Today we are 146 years old. It was on November 21, 1822, that the Congregation of St. Basil was founded as a religious community. On that day ten priests banded together in a formal way to carry on the work of educating young men to the priesthood. During the French Revolution the number of priests was tragically decreased and the Bishops had to find a way to train young men to help the Church of France. Up to the turn of the century this work had to be done under cover, in the hills as it were. After 1800 conditions improved, the violence of the persecution had moderated, and so, the makeshift school was moved to Annonay. The members of the staff of the school lived under a common rule. As members of the staff grew older and the desire to carry on this important work was foremost in their mind, it was decided to form a religious community to continue the work. This desire was fulfilled on November 21, 1822, when the ten priests on the staff, with the approval of the Bishop Administrator of the diocese of Viviers, joined together to form a religious

community under the patronage of St. Basil, the name taken from the name of the parish at Maison-Seule where some of the priests administered a section of the Little Seminary of the diocese.

The Congregation grew slowly in the first fifteen years but the work of this group of priests became well-know, and a decree of praise and approval from Rome was given in 1837. Pope Pius IX approved this group as a community of simple vows on September 18, 1863. The Congregation grew and spread until 1902 when anticlerical laws were enacted in France. By this time there were four houses in France, two in Algeria, and one in England. All but the last one in England were transferred to others or confiscated. The common life of the Basilians was disrupted as you could quite imagine.

I could gon on with our history, about the Basilians who came to North America beginning in 1850 but this and our recent history are known to some extent. My purpose in mentioning our founding history is to find some quality of our founders that should urge us on to

greater lengths in the work of the Congregation of St. Basil in 1968.

The foremost quality of our founding fathers was courage, courage to carry on an important work for the Church in the face of political and social unrest. It took great faith, first of all, to give their lives as priests of God, and then, great courage to work in a makshift educational institution where facilities were so lacking. We are at a time of great social and religious upheaval and it is only with great courage that we can go forward in carrying out our role in the Church. We need courage to live chaste lives in a world incensed with sex fantasy. We need courage to live a poor life, a life of Christ-like renunciation of easy-to-get luxuries and comforts of all kinds. We need courage to live a life of obedience in a world where authority is laughed at and freedom absued. We need courage to live intense Christian lives in a world that seeks pleasure and sin. We need courage to face each other and say that we are working for a goal beyond our own puny desires.

The binding force of our founding fathers was their common life. After some years of living under a common rule, the group decided that the best way to carry on their work for God and the Church was by being formally banded together in a religious community approved by the Church. It seems to me that the only way that we can bolster our courage necessary to carry out a fruitful apostolate is by our community life. Our apostolate to whoever it might be now and in the future will have God's desired effect only if it stems from a close community life, a real union of mind and heart.

Community life is living together, working together, eating together, talking together, playing together, praying together, communing together. This togetherness is the basis of a fruitful apostolate. This togetherness is at the opposite pole to any kind of selfishness or mistaken self-fulfillment. This togetherness is the sine qua non of our own christian living. Without this togetherness, I doubt if we are really and truly christian.

Today on the feast of the Presentation of Our

Lady, our foundation day, we must show gratitude to God for bringing each and every Basilian together into a community. It is not a coincidence that our foundation day falls on this feast. Like Our Lady we at some time presented ourselves to God, for Him to do with us as He wills. It is a complete offering that only we can qualify or take back. In the Sacrifice of the Mass today we offer ourselves as victims along with Christ Our Redeemer. In the Euachrist He will come to us and give us the courage to perfect our offering and to unite us as members of the Congregation of St. Basil to carry out a necessary and fruitful role in the Church today.

(Sermon preached at the Community Mass in the Chapel of St. Basil's Seminary, November 21, 1968. Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript)

I have loved the beauty of thy house, O Lord,
and the place where thy glory dwells. Ps. 25

I wish to express to my confreres and friends of Father Montague our common sense of loss in the death of our beloved Superior and Rector of St. Joseph's College. He was regarded with deep affection by the staff and students, and by his many friends who came to know him intimately. I wish to assure Father Montague's family that we share deeply their grief.

His death, like that of every priest, leaves us with a profound sense of loss; and yet the Priesthood of Jesus Christ never dies. There is a sense, however, in which each of us serves God in a special way, so that, at his going to God, no other can quite take his place. I feel this is particularly true of Father Montague, who died on the feast of Christ the King. What an appropriate day for his return to life eternal! This Feast, which is dear to liturgists, was very dear to hi, because it reaclls to our minds the vision of St. John which places us in the presence of our King's heavenly throne where the heavenly liturgy is eternally celebrated. This Feast makes us

more aware of the union of this heavenly liturgy with the Eucharistic liturgy which Father Montague celebrated daily. His chief concern was the liturgy. You see ample evidence of his concern in the Chapel on which he labored so lovingly. Truly, he loved the beauty of God's House, and strove to make it ever more beautiful.

Father Montague had a distinguished career before he entered the priesthood. He had spent five years in the Canadian Navy, reaching the rank of Lieutenant-Commander at the age of twenty-six, being the youngest commander of a ship at that time.

He had a distinguished career in the field of scholarship in his undergraduate and graduate studies, and in teaching. His love for truth moved him to join a community dedicated to teaching.

He was a most competent administrator as Rector of a university College and as a member of the University Senate. But the outstanding concern of his life was his priesthood, to which he dedicated all his energy unto death.

Truly he caught the spirit of the great High Priest, Christ the King, whose service he embraced and whose virtues he ever strove to imitate, especially the virtues of loyalty and peace.

He was loyal to his family. How frequently he recalled the happy events of his boyhood! His devotion to his parents was truly boundless. As a teacher he was loyal to his students, whom he never disappointed. He held them in high respect, and this, on their part, was reciprocated. He was loyal to his Community, for whom he gave his very life. Indeed he was the victim of loyalty. Above all, he was loyal to his church and its Vicar, in whose joys and sorrows he participated. He was a loyal subject of Christ his King.

Father Montague was a man of peace, because his King was the Prince of Peace. During his illness, a novena of Masses was offered for his intention; and his intention was for peace in his own household, peace in his Community, and in the Church. His spirit of peace was felt by those who lived with him. He was truly God's gentle man, God's man of peace.

All of us remember his spirit of prayer. The Psalmist describes prayer as singing in one's heart to God. Father Montague's soul was full of song, full of prayer. Do you not recall his beautiful voice as he changed the Preface of Christ the King? His songs were always love songs, love of God and love of man. In his last illness, he prayed that he might endure it manfully, in a priestly fashion.

And now as we bid farewell to him, his confreres and his family wish to thank all who have been so kind to him during his illness. First of all, His GraceArchbishop Jordan, who offered a novena of Masses for him and who kept vigil with him during his dying hours. Also Monsignor C.J. Foran, who was truly a father to him and manifested a most tender concern for him. In Father Montague's name we wish to thank all the members of the Board of Governors and the various committees who helped him carry the heavy financial burdens of the College. And finally we wish to thank his students and graduates, whose joys and sorrows he shared.

He truly loved the beauty of God's house. Let us offer prayers and Masses on his behalf, to speed his entrance into the vision of that beauty and heavenly peace. Amen.

(Homily delivered by Father Basil F. Sullivan at the funeral Mass for Father Robert Montague in St. Joseph's College Chapel, Edmonton, Alberta, October 29, 1968. Transcribed from the copy of the preacher's manuscript deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)

We are gathered here tonight to pray for the soul of Father Robert Montague, Rector of St. Joseph's College. His untimely death is a notable loss for the Basilian Fathers of whom he was a much valued member; for theArchbishop of Edmonton who has lost a wise advisor and a loyal co-operator; for the University of Alberta, too, which has lost one of its senators and the head of one of its affiliated institutions; for the Catholic students at the University who have lost a spiritual leader they held in high esteem; and for the clergy of the diocese who have lost an associate they had come to regard with great respect and affection.

The sympathy of all goes out to members of his family who have lost a brother of whom they had every right to be proud.

All indications are to the effect that Father Montague was a member of a closely knit-family, whenever he spoke of them that was the impression one had to get. He spoke of them more often than most priests wo — of his parents, of his father and of other members of the family, of his mother in particular,

and always in terms that conveyed the impression of great family solidarity, all for one and one for all.

This solidarity which characterized his family life was no less evident in his religious life. He was a Basilian priest, first, last and always, proud of his identification with the Congregation, with his fellow Basilians, and anxious at all times to promote with all his talents the particular task assigned him by his superiors.

And he had many talents to give to any cause. His early business training — he was a banker for some five years — gave him an insight into the practical affairs of life, which stood him in good stead as a religious superior.

He was what is often described as a "late vocation" in that he was ordained some nine years later than is usually the case. It was only after his discharge from the RoyalCAnadian Navy in which he served for five years during World War II and from which he retired with the rank of Lieutenant Commander; - it was only then that he went to St. Michael's

College in Toronto and later to St. Basil's Seminary.

But these nine years did something for him too. He came to know life in a way that many young priests never do. He came to know his fellowmen — the way they lived, the problems they had to face, their good points, their weaknesses, their potentialities. Thus there was born in him an understanding and a tolerance which enabled him to communicate with the young in particular, to guide them with firmness when firmness was necessary — but always with kindness and with understanding.

Father Montague was essentially a student, a fine lecturer, a good philosopher whose expertise extended not only to the scholastics but to the moderns of whose thinking he had a splendid grasp. He was a man of broad intellectual interests and, for all that, a man of deep faith — a faith which was entirely unaffected by his intellectual attainments and pursuits. He was, in his way, a striking example of the fact that there is plenty of room in a big enough mind for both faith and reason, faith and knowledge whether that know-

ledge pertain to the field of theology, philosophy, science, sociology, or any other discipline. There is room for all in a big enough mind. His faith remained as unscarred and undaunted as it was because he was also a man of prayer and that at a time when prayer is becoming a bit of a lost art. And because he was a man of prayer, he had no walls to revisit, few mistakes to regret.

When a good priest dies it is often difficult to assess what he has accomplished. We know something of his better know achievements. We have an idea of what he did and helped to do at St. Thomas More in Saskatoon. We know what his energy and drive did in three short years at St. Joseph's College. But I am sure the good he did in a great many other areas is something of which we know little or nothing — the impact he made upon others by the sterling example of his own life, by his sermons, his instructions, his advice to those who sought it — all the good he did simply by being a real man and a real priest — something the young are quick to detect. I am sure many who were doubting and searching and probing have realized that there had to be

something really worthwhile behind the thinking of a man who possessed his serenity of soul-something that was never more apparent than in his last illness.

Father Montague's long assocation with St. Thomas More College in Saskatton gave him a special love for that institution. As a consequence he made a study of the life of its patron to whom he came to have quitea devotion. If he could speak tonight it is not unlikely that Father Montague would utter the very words attributed to the great English saint just prior to his execution, "Pray from me as I shall always pray for you that one day in God's good time we may all meet merrily in heaven".

(Sermon preached by Msgr. Kenneth Foran at a Funeral Mass for Father Robert Montague in Edmonton, October 30, 1968. Transcribed from the copy of the preacher's manuscript deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers in Toronto).

We are gathered here today to pay our last respects to yet another of our priests and confreres. It would seem that we are wedded to calamity for the hand of death is mighty upon us. The name of Carl Allnoch must now be added to the lengthening list of Basilians but recently deceased.

The Fell Sergeant Death was very abrupt in his arrest: he was not permitted to die a studied death. But it was granted to him to spend his last conscious moments in the company of a fellow priest and to pass into eternity almost immediately upon offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It is a great consolation, then, to us of his religious family that while he died suddenly and unexpectedly, he yet died a peaceful and a holy death.

It is very difficult to put into an hour-glass or to capsulize the complex career and character of such a man as Father Allnoch. One could speak at great length of his physical strength and stamina, of his courage, of his athletic prowess. One might elaborate

on that wisdom and fund of practical knowledge that made him a valued counsellor and an able administrator. One might enlarge on the spirit of faith which animated his priestly life - a faith fostered and strengthened by the ever-enduring influence of his splendid parents.

Of all these and of many more we could speak, but at this time I would like to dwell on one feature of his character which, in my opinion, was the key to his great influence as a coach, a teacher and a priest. I refer to his great love of nature and the outdoors. As you know, Carl Mitchell Allnoch was named after his illustrious grandfather, J.D. Mitchell, one of the most famous naturalists in the history of Texas. His collections are to be found in many of our universities throughout the state, as well as in such famous places at the Alamo and the Smithsonian Institute. A school in Victoria, Texas, is named in his honor.

Is it any wonder, then, that we find his grandson, even from his earliest years,

perfectly at home in any and all of nature's settings, whether it be mountain or stream, forest, lake, ocean, or prairie. From nature's infinite book of secrecy he read widely and reverently, for this was a volume of which God alone was the author. In the great outdoors, he found tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything. His special predilection for the sea was something that almost bordered on the mystical. He seemed to make his own the words of the Book of Job: he that will learn to pray, let him go to the sea.

I have said that his love of nature and his knowledge of her ways, was the key to the influence which he exercised over the young men whom he taught or coached. He spoke a language which they understood or at least would love to understand.

He was a man of the outdoors, he was a master of all the crafts and skills needed for survival and enjoyment in the outdoors. He was in turn a sailor, a navigator, an explorer,

a hunter, a fisherman:, he was a horseman, a cowman, a rancher: he was a carpenter, a mechanic, a welder, an electricisn - he was all things to all men.

To his boys he was the embodiment of all that was masculine and virile - he was a real man - he was their kind of man.

Today the men and boys from all the intervening years between 1936 and 1969 are here in goodly numbers to pay eloquent tribute to the memory of a fine teacher, a splendid coach, a good priest, a true friend.

They join with all of us of the Basilian Community and with all the friends of the Allnoch family in extending to the brother and two sisters of Father Carl our heartfelt sympathy and condolences on their great loss.

We pray for him today in the ritual of Holy Mother the Church, but we pray with joy and gladness, and fitting it is, for from the ruins of this noble, stoic, little man we seem to hear the Admonition: "Let there be no moaning of the bar when put out to sea."

(Sermons preached at the funeral of Father Carl Allnoch by Father James Wilson in St. Anne's Church, Houston, January 14, 1969, at 2:30 p.m.)

Members of the Pontificial Institute, Mr. Chancellor, are accustomed to hearing a difficult question: "What is, or are, mediaeval studies?" Should our answer mention, "a period neither ancient nor modern", "horizontal structure", inter-disciplinary co-operation", or "tool-disciplines", our reward is sometimes a glassy stare. More often it is a tolerant smile, much like that of a nursery school teacher explaining to her little charges that the overshoes must come off before the snowsuits.

It is now my duty to adduce some authentic smaples of mediaeval studies. Samples, of course, will not do duty for a defintion; Socrates would never have tolerated this ploy. "That is not what I asked you", the old gadfly would complain, "not one or two out of many instances, but the essential nature - to eidos" (Euthyphro 6 D). We all know to what end this sort of talk brought poor Socrates - a cup of hemlock and posthumous fame. In our more circumspect way, let us settle for the samples of mediaeval studies provided by these splen-

didly caparisoned graduates who have actually done the research I shall now recount.

I. All the world now knows that there are moral theologians to say we have given too much to law and not enough to conscience. Who is to blame? Saint Alphonsus Liguori? - perhaps. Seventeenth century Jesuits? - they are the favorite whipping boys for many. Doctor Francis Firth of the Congregation of Saint Basil has moved the whole business back to the years when the 12th century was slipping into the 13th. There he has found a zealous confessor, Robert of Flamborough, answering a request that he explain to other priests how they ought to go abbut administering the sacrament of penance. In their mediaeval way, all hands were convinced that the Lord absolves us of sin in view of our contrition: the main role of the priest, as they saw it, was to impose a suitable penance. Where would a busy parish priest find hints on this if not in a convenient book where everything is down in black and white? - sins and their penalties as neatly budgeted as a weekly laundry list. Besides, ecclesia semper reformanda, "The Church always needs reofrming." (The Fourth

Lateran Council was in the offing as Flamborough wrote); what a help in doing the job if everyone knew exactly where he stood: in what sin and in how deeply. Robert was not content with the first form in which he published his book. He kept reading more Canon Law: Huguccio, Robert Courson, even some non-infallible papal decretals and he kept working the new materials into successive editions of his Penitential.

How does Doctor Firth know all this? He has spent years in a labyrinth of 36 conflicting manuscript copies, traced their interrelations, looked up the references, identified Flamborough's sources. He knows the period and he knows the problem; he controls the techniques that allow a historian to transcend the centuries. When the thing was done, the equivalent, give or take a little, of about three very substantial Ph.D. dissertations, he defended his work before a board of examining professors. Most of them are here tonight so you will pardon me if I do not dwell upon the fact that they are as exigent as they are erudited. If not every one of them agreed

with every single conclusion Doctor Firth had reached, why le bon désaccord is what makes the academic world go round. They all were at one on this: J.J. Francis Firth is the sort of scholar who ought to be awarded the highest degree at the disposal of our Institute. Last, it is a requirement for this degree that the thesis be printed; at this moment Doctor Firth's edition and study of Robert Flamborough's Penitential is sous presse.

Harold Harly Burnham has dealt with another mediaeval Englishman's book, this time a translation ...

The License thesis of Raymond Douglas DiLorenzo has a history of its own ...

Conrad Leonard Harkins is a Franciscan Friar, that is, to say, a disciple of the poor man of Assisi ...

Mary Jean Kitchel has done her work on the well-know English scholastic Master, Walter Burley ...

The research undertaken for her thesis by Lois Katherine Smedick, Ph.D, bears on the literary

ambiance of poetic symboal in an Anglo-Saxon poem ...

Why could we not define any one of these studies? Choose your sage: Duns Scotus thought "the singular is not definable by a definition other than that of its special class" (In 2 Sent 3 6 ad 3, Opus Oxon, Op Om 12.146) and each of these projects is singular; Thomas Aquinas said nothing else: "this or that singular can not be defined" (ST 1.29.1 ad 1). The early Wittgenstein is not so early as to be mediaeval, but he knew that "What we cannot speak we must consign to silence" (T 6.54). Mediaeval studies make nonsense of attempts to trap their burgeoning riches in a few poor words. "Poor words", Mr. Chancellor, "for talk is cheap." Cheap or not, it seems to me we cannot afford to listen to much more of this talk, and so I beg leave to conclude."

(Transcribed, in condensed form, from the speaker's typescript in the archives of the Pontificial Institute of Mediaeval Studies, Toronto)

"For a Bishop must be without crime, as the steward of God not given to wine - not greedy of filthy lucre, but given to hospitality, gentle, sober, just, holy, continent; that he may be able to exhort in sound doctrine and convince the gainsayers."(Titus, Chap. 1, Verse 7-9)

As I stand here this morning before the mortal remains of a prince of God's Church and in the presence of this august assembly of bishops, monsignori and priests, and before this vast congregation, gathered from many parts of Canada, and the United States of America, I am bewildered and scarcely know what to say. Like the prophet of old, I feel as a child not yet come to the use of speech. It is a mystery to me why I should have been chosen to address you on this solemn occasion. It were meet indeed that some person of more exalted dignity than I, some orator whose tongue has been touched with fire from on high, should speak the eulogy of the distinguished dead around whose bier we are gathered in sorrow at this moment. If I have any claim, even the slightest, to this honor which has been thrust upon me, it must come from this fact that I have known this saintly man and known him intimately for many years. I have known him as a priest when he was the honored superior of Assumption College, Sandwich. He was at the head of the college during the seven years that I spent at that celebrated seat of learning. He was my teacher during the two years of my philosophy course. The year following we entered into a new relationship towards each other.

He became my bishop by his appointment to the important See of London, the training school of bishops and the nursery of archbishops, and I became one of his ecclesiastical students. Three years later those hands which have so often been lifted in blessing, but which are now entwined in the cold clasp of death, were placed upon my head in the solemn rite of rodination. And that familiar voice now stilled forever upon this earth bade me rise, saying: "Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech." For more than five years after that I lived with Bishop O'Connor in his episcopal residence at London, acted in the capacity of secretary to him, was an intimate and confidential friend of his, learned to love him and admire him more and more day by day, and was grieved beyond the power of expression, almost heartborken in fact, when he was transferred from London to this Metropolitan See of Toronto. I mention these things not to exalt myself, but simply that you may understand that my knowledge of the life and labors of Archbishop O'Connor is a fairly comprehensive knowledge.

And now, my brethre, what shall I say of this distinguished churchman at whose obsequies we are assisting this morning? Out of a host of things which rush in upon the memory I will choose but a few of the most important. I will say nothing of his boyhood days spent in the sanctuary of the home of his pious and truly Catholic parents, not far from this spot where he now lies in state, or in the halls of this venerable college of which he

was one of the very first students. I will pass over in silence the many years of hard and diligent study in Canada and in France by which he prepared himself for the sacred ministry of Christ's Church - years made doubly hard by the fact that his constitution was anything but robust. In fact before the end of his classical studies he was told by his physician that he was a victim of tuberculosis, and was sent home to die. I will say nothing of the first years of his priesthood spent in the faithful discharge of the duties of a professor in different colleges of that great educational order of men which he had joined - The Basilian Fathers - so well and favorably known to the residents of this city, to the people in general of this broad Dominion, and in many other parts of the world. But I will hasten to the year 1870, a year made memorable in the history of the Church universal by the fact that it was the year in which the temporal possessions of the Popes in Italy were unjustly confiscated and seized by a nominally Catholic king, whilst the other rulers of Europe stood supinely by and tacitly consented to that shameful act of spoliation, an act of injustice often vehemently protested against by the late Archbishop. It was, then, in that year that Father O'Connor was made Superior of Assumption College, which till then had led for some years a precarious existence. The young and energetic priest set himself to build up and strengthen that struggling institution. The task was by no means an easy one. But his deep learning, his remarable powers of organization and adminis-

tration, his apostolic zeal and indomitable courage, soon produced a wondrous change. Addition after addition was made to the original building, the teaching staff was augmented and strengthed, the wise rules of the great founder of the order were enforced, and so before a decade of years had passed by Assumption College had won for itself an enviable place among the institutions for higher learning in the Province of Ontario. And in ten years more, on the day when Father O'Connor left its beloved walls to shoulder the burdens inseparably connected with the mitre and the crozier of a bishop, it had attained to a still higher position, a position which it still retains under his worthy successors in the presidency. For almost half a century that college, which was in an especial manner the creation of Father O'Connor has stood upon the historic ground which it occupies on the banks of the broad and beautiful river Detroit. During that time it has ever held aloft the torch of true learning and shed its radiance and its benign influence over the western peninsula of this province and over more than one state of the American Union. Since its inception thousands of students have thronged its spacious halls and have drunk of the fountains of knowledge there forever flowing. There they have received a good classical or commercial education which has fitted them for acreers in the world or for entrance into the seminary or the university. And it is a well-known fact that the graduates of that college have always taken a high standing wherever they have gone to continue their studies. And many of them are today occupying positions of honor and of trust in the

land, in the church, and in the different walks of life. But, my brethren, the chief glory of that flourishing seat of learning, whose history is so intimately connected with the history of this man of God whose death we mourn today, is that the education which it imparts is thoroughly Christian. There the soul is recognized as the nobler part of that composite being which we call man, and hence religious training goes hand in hand with mental culture. And so the graduates of Assumption College go forth from its walls well versed in the elementary, moral and dogmatic teaching of the Church. This gives them, if they are aspirants to the priesthood, a good foundation on which to rear the superstructure of that knowledge of divine things which it is the office of the Catholic seminary or university to impart. And I am glad to be able to say that many of the most able and zealous priests of the diocese of London and of the neighboring dioceses, on both sides of the international boundary line, have made their preparatory studies in that college which owes its present efficiency and its past triumphs to the genius, to the profound wisdom and to the heaven-blest labors of good Father O'Connor.

You may think, my brethren, that I tarried too long on this part of the career of this great servant of God and that I should have hastened more quickly to the years of his episcopacy. But what I have spoken I have spoken because I believe that the work done by Father O'Connor for Catholic education in

this country would have won for him imperishable renown and a right to the grateful remembrance of the people of Canada and of a large section of the United States even though he had never worn the mitre of a bishop or the pallium of an archbishop.

When at length the mitre did come, unsought and uncoveted, he undertook the heaviest and more exacting duties of the episcopacy with the same zeal and energy which had characterized his labors in the more congenial field of education. His nine years tenure of the office of ordinary of the diocese of London was a time filled with incessant toil for the good of religion within the confines of his jurisdiction and fraught with many and lasting blessings for his people. In season and out of season he fed his spiritual children on the bread of God's word, borken to them in sermons of great depth of thought, carefully prepared, forcibly if not eloquently delivered, as redolent of piety as the homilies of the early Fathers of the Church and made intelligible to the simplest minds and to the minds of children, by the absence of all learned and obscure terms and by a wealth of apt illustration. He was most faithful in administering the great sacrament of confirmation to the little ones of his flock and would never neglect to keep an appointment, nor would he even change the date fixed for any ceremony except compelled to do so by necessity. Brought up as he was to love law and order and Christian discipline he ruled his priests and his people with a firm though fatherly hand. And if by some he was thought to be too strict a disciplinarian and

too much of a stickler for the observance of rules considered by them as unimportant or as abrogated by long years of desuetude, it was simply because they did not understand him nor the zeal for the honor and glory of God, for the good of religion, and for the salvation of souls by which he was devoured.

His deep interest in the great work of Catholic education which, as we have seen, was the dominant characteristic of his early years in the priesthood, was not allowed to flag when he passed from the classroom to the episcopal palace. The many parochial schools, built or projected during his episcopate, the valuable assistance, directive and material, which he rendered to the college of his predilection and to the many convents for the education of girls under his jurisdiction - all bear witness to the fact that, after the interests of religion, nothing was dearer to his great heart than the interests of Christian education.

His powers of administration of which Sandwich College is a monument were given a wider scope when the fortunes of the diocese of London were committed to his care. And in the administration of its temporalities he demonstrated anew his great business acumen. He may not have been a brilliant financier but he was a capable and far-seeing one. He was an implacable enemy of heavy debts and would seldom allow his priests to begin the erection of any edifice until the greater part of the cost had been guaranteed. He

found his diocese rather heavily in debt - not through any fault of his predessor but by reason of its youth - and he left it in a financial condition second to few in Canada. Many of the substantial and beautiful ecclesiastical buildings for which the diocese of London is famous, were erected during his regime. And what is more, by his careful handling of the limited resources of his See, and by his discharging of much of its indebtedness he made possible the remarkable building career of him who was his successor in London and in the archiepiscoapl See - the recently deceased and deeply lamented Fergus Patrick McEvay, late Archbishop of Toronto.

When Bishop O'Connor, my brethren took possession of that beautiful gothic cathedral, erected in London by that other great churchman, the late Most Reverend John Walsh, whose name is still held in benediction throughout the length and breadth of this province, he found it encumbered with a debt of $65,000. On the last Sunday on which he addressed his sorrowing people from the pulpit of St. Peter's, he was able to announce to them the good news that the debt had been reduced to about one third of that amount. And some $15,000 of what had been paid, was paid from his own allowance. As a bishop he had lived the same frugal life which he had learned as a member of the Congregation of St. Basil and the residue of his income all went to the Church and to the charitable institutions of his diocese. His successful

administration in London soon became apparent to his colleagues in the episcopacy, and so when the See of Toronto became vacant through the sudden demise of Archbishop Walsh, Bishop O'Connor was the choice of the bishops of the province as his successor. Hebegged to be excused from accepting the proffered preferment. He petitioned the then Holy Father, the great Leo XIII, to leave him where he was. But Rome would not alter its decision. And then the good bishop, being a true and loyal son of the church, and knowing that the voice of Rome is the voice of God, acquiesced, saying, like her who was chosen to be the mother of the Word Incarnate, and towards whom he had a most tender devotion, "Ecce servus Domini, fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum", behold the servant of the Lord, be it done unto me according to thy word.

The scences of that sad morning when he left the city of London are indelibly stamped on my memory. A large number of the Catholic citizens, many of whom had only begun to appreciate his true worth when he was about to leave them, had assisted at his last Mass and remained within the precincts of the Cathedral to witness his departure. As he walked out to the carriage in silence and with a heavy heart the people fell upon their knees to receive his last blessing. He was deeply and visibly affected. But as the carriage passed St. Peter's School and he saw the little children whom he loved so dearly massed along the sidewalk to wave him a fond farewell he raised his hand over them in blessing and then gave way to his

pent-up grief, and strong man as he was and utterly devoid of any feminine weakness, he burst into a flood of tears; nor did he regain his composure until he had reached the train which was to bear him to his new home. And yet there were those in London, and probably in this city also, who thought him a hard man, and man of stern and unsympathetic mould. The truth is that his was a tender and loving heart, as he proved to those who witnessed his grief on that occasion.

It is not necessary, my brethren, that I should say much of the years which Archbishop O'Connor spent in this city, whether as actively guiding the destinies of this great archdiocese or as living in retirement the quiet life of a humble Basilian Father. For the past eleven years his life has been before you like an open book. The same wisdom, the same zeal and energy, the same fidelity to duty, the same far-sightedness, the same financial ability which he displayed as Superior of Assumption College and as Bishop of London were evident in his administration of the spiritual and temporal affairs of this archdiocese. He lived his life quietly among you. He not only avoided publicity but he hated and loathed it as something to be spurned by every true ambassador of that meek and lowly Master Who gave to a proud world its first lesson in humility. His life was hidden with Christ in God. But those who are able to distinguish between outward show and quiet endeavor, between conscientious daily toil and spasmodic deeds that win the

world's applause, know that his work here was of stupendous proportions. And as in London he had blazed the wasy for his successor in that See, so also here in Toronto he did the spade work and the heavy lifting that must needs be done by him who lays the foundation of an edifice before the master builder arrives to rear the towering superstructure. It is interesting to note, my brethren, how Divine Providence seems to have raised up these two singularly gifted men, Bishop O'Connor and Bishop McEvay, to do a special work in this portion of the vineyard of the Lord. Their gifts were of a different order and so their special work was along different lines. Yet the work of each was necessary for the success of the work of the other and their combined labors in London and in Toronto have made of these two dioceses, two of the brightest gems in the diadem of the Church in Canada.

When, my brethren, Archbishop O'Connor, felt that he was no longer able, by reason of his advanced age and uncertain health, to discharge the duties of his high office, he did what few men have the humility and the courage to do, under similar circumstances - he resigned. That act of renunciation by which he relinquished all right to the Archbishopric of Toronto, to the title of this Metropolitan See, and to all the honors and emoluments connected therewith was characteristic of the man. High as was the esteem in which he was before held by the people of this province, non-Catholic as well as Catholic,

their admiration and esteem for him were redoubled by reason of that unselfish deed.

The rest of his life's story, my brethren, is short. Three years of complete retirement form the world, three years of prayer and meditation in preparation for the final summons, three years of suffering patiently borne in uion with the passion of the Divine Master Whom he loved so tenderly and served so faithfully, and then the end - the holy and edifying death, usch a death as one reads of in the lives of God's Saints. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of the just", says the Sacred text. Thrice precious must have been the death of this holy Archbishop for he was just in the broadest sense of that term. He was humble, he was temperate, he loved poverty and not filthy lucre; he was hospitable, he was continent, he was a man of faith - in a word he was all that St. Paul tells us that a good bishop should be in those words of his with which I began this address.

But now, my brethren, we must bid a last and a sad farewell to the Most Reverend Denis O'Connor, faithful priest of Jesus Christ, bishop and archbishop of the one, holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church of the living God. We must now consign his holy remains to the silent tomb to await that great day of the Lord when this corruption shall put on incorruption, and the mortality shall put on immortality. His noble and magnanimous soul we commend to the mercy of Him who fashioned it and gave to it its nobility and

its grandeur. That soul has already, we hope, entered into the beatific vision of its Maker. But, lest any imperfection should have retarded it on its passage to the realms of unedning peace, let us unite with the Church in praying that the lot of this great and good Son of hers may be this day the lot of the saints in light. "Requiem aeterna dona ei Domine, et lux perpetua luceat ei". Grant to hi, Oh Lord, eternal rest and let the light of eaven's glory forever shine upon him.

(Sermon preached by the Rev. John V. Tobin at the funeral of Archbishop O'Connor in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, Tuesday, July 4, 1911. Transcribed from a newspaper clipping in a scrapbook in the library of St. Basil's Seminary, Toronto)

On behalf of the Congregation of St. Basil I wish to convey to Father McGouey's sisters and family our deep and prayerful sympathy. To his sister, Florence - unable to be here - we send our profound sympathy and good wishes. God bless you and your parents for giving us Father Tom. May our mutual love and prayers sustain us in our sorrow.

Father Tom's ministry was spent in Calgary and here at Assumption. He always enjoyed teaching and his students and associates loved him because he had respect for them and was available to them. His graduate studies years ago in Psychology at Boston College were undertaken that his student counselling might be more effective. These last months separated from his teaching were a difficult and frustrating adjustment, which he faced with courage.

"Death is swallowed up in victory" - wrote St. Paul, and added, almost tauntingly - "O Death, where is your victory? O Death, where is your sting?" I am going to give some personal reflections on the life of Tom McGouey, not by way of eulogy or praise of him, but rather as a recognition of the gifts and qualities and

virtues that God gave to one we have known and loved. Virtue is more appealing as it is relected in a human life, rather than in a definition in a text book. I think he faced death with perfect calm and serenity as the single and necessary climax of a life. There are strong indications that he had a premonition that life's sun was setting. Recently he wrote to his brother-in-law that his (Tom's) name was next on the list. His last illness was brief - and his death peaceful - he simply stopped breathing with a sigh of relief. We dread the idea of dying - he faced it with faith and trust, not in a morbid way but optimistically. On his bookcase the prayer cards of the last fortypfive Basilians to die were posted - a daily reminder of eternity. So many people in their lives witness to the vast potential of human life -its dynamics and the witness of intellectual discovery and accomplishment. They simply radiate vitality, the triumphant zest of living. I think Tom's witness was rather to the fragility, the dlicacy, the sensitivity of life. And, dear God, how we needed his witness and example in our age of violence and recrimination. He was quarterback

for his own anointing. Seeing that he was in the hands of an amateur, he carefully instructed Father Donald Faught on the order of the ceremonies.

Father Tom was a gentle man, gentle, humble, thoughtful and compassionate - nver demanding or condescending - kind and gracious to all. There was something almost sacramental in his smile and a radiance in the warmth of his greeting. A light has gone out of our lives and our home - a quiet voice has been stilled.

Tom had a delightful sense of humor and a light touch, never bitter or scathing, often devastatingly witty. He kept this virtue to the end. After he was anointed on Tuesday, he was told that it seemed as if he was seriously ill. He replied rather drolly, "I guess I must be if the first thing the doctor orders after seeing me is that I be given the last sacraments."

For serious men since the beginning of time, the world's blemishes defined their task, and serious men still struggle to make an imperfect society work. The odds are great, and the

possibility of self-delusion are great. His consistent good humor made him a trusted friend who will be sorely missed in an age of estrangement.

Father Tom was devoted to the Basilian Fathers, always proud to be one. As with most of us, apart from our families, whatever we have in the way of education, degrees and position has come from the Basilians. Tom created community life, by sharing, by giving. A week ago he came to our regular Yatchi game. He complained of a bad cold but he stayed and played to please us. This unselfishness we took for granted. As all of us, he had weaknesses and frailities. In spite of these he remained lovable and admirable. A man with malice towards none - with charity towards all and, as a refrain and summary of his life, I repeat, with charity towards all. He had a great feeling for the neglected, and those who were despondent. Some of his finest work was with the old people in Huron Lodge. His own sensitivity told him when others needed him. He could bring courage and hope because he had them. During Father Elex Grant's illnesses, Tom was a great source of help to him.

As a religious he knew that renewal is called for. All too often renewal has meant abandoning and not replacing guidelines. Tom clung with strong and simple and vital faith to the truths he always lived by. His devoation to daily Mass was the centre of his life. He read his office in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament and, how often we have seen him saying the rosary walking back and forth in the chapel or making the Stations of the Cross. His student days here, and his teaching career in St. Mary's in Calgary and here at Assumption, were all spent in schools dedicated to Mary, the Mother of God. His life was lived in her presence. It was but natural then when he was taekn to the hospital on Tuesday evening that he insisted that his rosary be hung around his neck. In all renewal we must have memory and prophecy. If we are mesmerized and seduced by the contemporary, we miss our roots and our destiny.

In conclusion, let me say that during life Father Tom McGouey was a temple of God. He was pledged to final Resurrection. That is why a funeral procession is really a victory

march, a triumphant thing. That is why the Liturgy uses incense, joyful psalms and blessings. Daily he ate the Bread of Eternal Life. He cannot be content with crumbs. May he rise into the life of glory and the eternal vision of God. May the angels lead him into Paradise. May his great soul rest in peace. Thank God for giving him to us.

(Sermon preached by Father John F. Murphy at the funeral of Father Thomas McGouey in Assumption Church, Windsor, on Saturday, March 29, 1969. Transcribed from a copy of the preacher's manuscript deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers in Toronto)

My dear brethren in Christ:
We have come together this morning to offer a Mass of requiem for the repose of Father Frank Boland, a Basilian confrere to many of us, a respected colleague or a beloved teacher to others, and a friend to all. We are shocked by the suddenness of his death, even in these days of war and violence when we might well be considered Shock-proof. It was not expected by any of us, nor by himself, as far as we know. He admitted half-humorously that he was living on borrowed time in view of a heart condition, but one tends to ignore that risk. He was far away from home when death overtook him, and what is more he was utterly pre-occupied with a research project he was eager to finish and give to the public. Humanly speaking it was not the time to die. On the other hand to be stricken in Holy Week, and to die as the first rays of Easter dawn were beginning to appear, could there have been a holier and happier time?

There is a text of Scripture in today's epistle which comes to my mind now because it ells us something significant about Father Boland.

The words are those of St. Peter, the rock on which the Church was built, and they were written to his flock, when that flock was still small, and in special need of guidance. They were of course meant also for us of a later time. "It is yours", wrote Peter, "to proclaim the exploits of God who called you out of darkness into this marvellous light." (IPeter 2, 10). It is yours (in other words) to tell of the goodness and kindness of God who sent His Son into the world in human form to show us the way to heaven by what he said and by what he did; to show us the way from the drab existence of time to the glory of eternity; in short from darkness to light.

The initial call out of darkness came to Frank Boland at the baptismal font. He was then called to the light of the Christian faith. This call was renewed and intensified at intervals in his upbringing: at confirmation, at Holy Mass, and in the sacraments generally. It was a clearer call when he became a priest in 1942. It was then he was called in a special way to be a witness to the light that radiates from the gospel of Jesus Christ.

At the present moment of grief Frank Boland has been called from darkness to light in a more transcendental way - from the darkness of time to the light of eternity. For this call I am confident he was never wholly unprepared. He had pondered from time to time the words of the Divine Master, "If a man decides to come after me, he must say No to himself, shoulder his cross and follow me." Years ago he had made up his mind to follow Christ and having put his hand to the plow, there was for him no turning back. Holy Week had been a time of great interest to him ever since he served in the sancturary as a boy. The switching on and off of the lights in the Tenebrae service greatly intrigued him. He vaguely grasped the way in which it reflected the death-resurrection theme of the entire week, a theme which echoed like a recurring chord in a symphony of the Passion. It was of course only later that he saw the death-resurrection theme of Holy Week as an epitome of the Christian life itself. The sorrows and joys, the defeats and victories, the fears and hopes of daily life, what are they but

symbols of the death and resurrection of Christ. One has to see them from this point of view and accept them in order truly to follow Christ. This was the lesson of Holy Week; which gradually he came to learn.

We now know that Frank Boland had definite plans for the Easter of 1969. He planned to go to Rome to see the ceremonies at their best. But a courtesy call in Holland on the way proved to be the end of his earthly pilgrimage. From the darkness of symbols he was summoned to the full glare of the Divine Reality.

I shall venture to say of Father Boland that he was a self-made man, by which I mean one who not only takes advantages of existing opportunities, but is ever on the alert to create new ones. You have known him long enough in Windsor to have observed this, and I who have know him earlier (I was ordained the day he was born) can testify that this pattern was evident in his life from the beginning. An only child of parents who were devout Catholics, Frank Boland chose the priesthood without urging on their part. The

same is true of his decision to be a Basilian. It was his choice first, and only afterwards their, though it did involve separation from home at an earlier date, and so a greater sacrifice for them. Both parents have long since been called to their appropriate reward in heaven.

Frank Boland took honors in History as an undergraduate at Toronto, and after ordination taught that subject in Basilian high schools in Toronto, Houston and Calgary. He related to high school students perfectly and had enormous influence with them. Evidently their eagerness to know and do things appealed to him. He was quite willing to admit that we have a special duty to the poor, but held that it was a mistake to think that all the poor are in the slums of our cities. There are boys, he said, in all our schools who do not know that it is Christ who is knocking at the door of their hearts. Not to recognize the call of Christ is to be poor indeed.

So Frank Boland was not merely a good teacher as all will admit. He had likewise the pastoral instincts of one who was a priest to the core.

During his later years at High School teaching Father Boland sought to prepare himself by summer courses at the University of Detroit for a new opportunity that was presenting itself. He foresaw a new University of Windsor coming into being, and eagerly set about preparing himself for a role in it. He pleaded for and was granted free time for graduate study and entered upon a doctoral program in the University of Ottawa. He obtained the degree in 1955, and came to Windsor.

I hardly need to comment on his record in this university. It is granted that he excelled in the classroom. But he was not content with being a routine professor. He had already begun to love his university and sought to do something for it in the field of scholarship. As I said before he was always in search of new possibilities. Eventually he hit upon the project of a Canadian-American Conference to explore annually the relations between the two countries which touch each other so significantly in this area. By personal appeal, always hard to resist, he was able to enlist the cooperation of social scientists in a variety of

universities, and of statesmen and diplomats on both sides of the international border. It will be a monument to the memory of Father Boland.

Basilians will always regard Frank Boland as one of their great teachers. We commonly think of Father Joe McGahey as our greatest (speaking of the dead only). Henceforth we shall have to bracket him with Frank Boland. They had the same dynamism, the same explosive energy and what is more important the same priestliness radiating through their secular teaching. Let us think of them together today as we pray for their repose.

(Transcribed from a dittoed copy of the preacher's manuscript preserved in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers in Toronto. Sermon preached by Father E.J. McCorkell in Assumption Church, Windsor, on Saturday, April 12, 1969, at the funeral Mass of Father Boland.)

The Wise Woman, she it is who is to be praised.
(Proverbs 31,29)

The meaning - the mystery - of my text from the Book of Proverbs is not always easy to discern; for modern life often makes obscure those among us who excel in a life of virtue. Yet there are those who have received something of wisdom, divine wisdom, which gives them the courage to live the full life of Christian responsibility. My text speaks, too, of the valiant woman who has overcome obstacles, discouragement and inner turmoil through God's grace. But we know that a wise woman is not born that way nor does the mere passing of years make her that way. Time is not the essential feature, but what happens during a lifetime, how it begins and how it ends. Perhaps the title of wise and valiant woman can well be given to Margaret Pattison whom Almighty God has taken to Himself and for whose last burial rites we are gathered here this morning. Margaret Pattison was a woman stalwart in soul; valiant because she had a set of values; wise because of her love; and praised because her life was a success.

Margaret Pattison was born in Mimico, Ontario, an only child of excellent Christian parents. From her youth, it became apparent that her whole life would be dedicated to doing good for others.

After training as a nurse she gave herself to the patients at the hospital in New Toronto. It was there that she first met the priests from St. Michael's College who looked after Catholic religious services in the hospital. As a result of this contact she came to St. Michael's College in 1919, first as nurse for the Basilian Fathers and students, and later on as supervisor of domestic affairs. She is well remembered by several generations of St. Michael's College students. Her memory for names of students and their families never faded. She often would speak of incidents connected with some young man, now a prominent member of society. She interrupted her work at the College for several years, when she transferred her allegiance to the Jesuit Fathers by taking a post at the Martyrs' Shrine in Midland, Ontario. Here she continued to serve the needs of the visitors and pilgrims

and made the acquaintance of so many Canadian and American friends. She had the happy facility of making friends and keeping them for long years afterwards.

She then returned to St. Basil's Seminary at the strong urging of the Basilian Fathers; at first to the old Seminary on St. Mary's Street and finally to the present Seminary on St. Joseph, where she continued to serve until January of this year. Failing health forced her to enter the hospital where the end came on last Sunday evening.

Margaret Pattison served the Basilian Fathers and Basilian Seminarians for so many years that she was well known by all of them and they indeed mourn her passing. Like many of the intellectual giants who have attended St. Michael's College and left their mark, Margaret Pattison in her own sphere has left a mark on the College: her personality, her dedication and her sanctity. We extend deepest sympathy to her relatives to whom she was so devoted and who were so devoted to her. She will be sorely missed by them and to each of them we express our regrets.

To her many, many friends we likewise extend sympathy for she knew the value of friendship and had time for everyone. Her letters and notes on all occasions were received and cherished. Active in many societies, she lent her support to all their efforts and to each group she added her loyalty and continuing membership.

Our grief today expresses itself in our feeling of great loss; yet we know that one day each of us must pass this way for God who is our Creator has so ordained it. But he is also our Father and it is to Him that we must return. Such is our Christian belief, such is our experience of life. To us left behind, we have the generosity and goodness of her life to linger in our hearts; her virtue and strength ought to serve as an example for us in the days ahead.

We who knew Margaret Pattison can point to those years in which she gave so freely of herself. Her goodness shone in her eyes, it came from within. It was an innocence from alice and selfishness. We shall always remember her as the wise and valiant woman whose

value was beyond pearls; she brought us good, not evil, all the days of her life. Her hands sere skillful, she extended her arms to the needy. She was clothed with strength and dignity, she opened her mouth in wisdom and on her tongue was kindly counsel.

Jer adopted sons and daughters rise up and praise her thus: Many are the women of proven worth, but you have excelled them all. Charm is deceptive and beauty fleeting. It is the valiant woman who is to be praised.

O Lord, Our God, give her a reward for her labours. And let our prayers and our love go with her into the life beyond.

(Sermon preached by Father James Morro at the Funeral Mass for Miss Margaret Pattison in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, on Wednesday, April 16, 1969. Transcribed from a dittoed copy of the preacher's manuscript)

Lord, I pray thee to give me grace to carry my sheaf of tears in such fasion that I may receive my heritage of gladness among the righteous.

Such, my friends, was the prayer uttered first nearly forty-two years ago by Father Stanley Lynch when he prepared to go to the altar of God to say Mass for the first time. And such was the prayer he offered each morning, until recently, when he placed on his arm the maniple; and though the maniple is no longer worn by the priest, I am sure that the spirit of that prayer hovered on his lips each morning and throughout the days until that great day of days when Our Lord called him to share true gladness among the righteous.

It seems to me, as I look back over the many years in which I have known him as classmate and confrere, that the petition of that prayer belonged singularly to him more than to the rest of us and that in the life which he led, the grace he sought in it was granted. He was a man who could and did take life's set-backs with a smile. To most men who knew him or came in contact with him, he was a jovial person, one not easily depressed; he could laugh when

things seemed at their worst; he greeted life's little tragedies with a chuckle and its greater ones with a smile and the suggestion that things would work out all right. That my friends, was the impression which casual acquaintance had of him.

But there was another side of him which the world at large knows little about. As a boy in school he gave promise of great things to follow. As a young man in college, he was outstanding in an outstandgin class. His class was regarded in his time as the finest and most brilliant class in the history of Assumption up to that time, and Stanley Lynch stood out in it as a man of genius, especially in the study of the classics. How I envied him his ability to master sentences in Latin and Greek! Over the years I have known several great men in the classics, but none to surpass the promise of Stanley Lynch.

Yet that promise was not to be fulfilled. Tuberculosis struck him down at the very beginning of his career when he was acting as principal of St. Michael's College School and teach-

ing Greek there. The brilliant career in the study of the classics came to a halt. How my heart went out to him then! He laughed and said that he was going up to Gabriel's Sanitorium to take the cure. To hear him say it was to believe that his was not a serious case and that he would be well in a very short time. But it was anything else but that. I have heard that he was placed there on a sleeping porch with six or seven other serious cases. He alone left that porch alive and well, cured probably more through his merry submission to the holy Will of God thantthrough anything else. That same merry submission carried him through the months and years that followed when precautions against the old enemy prevented him from pursuing his career as a teacher which he had begun brilliantly some ten years before. Only for a brief period afterwards was he ever able to go back into the classroom and to his beloved Greek. But for all that, he never lost touch with it, as so many of us have done. The last time I saw him, I asked him whether he still remembered his Greek. His face lit up and he answered "Yes" with a happy smile. He said he would give al-

most anything to be able to read again Xenophon's - he hesitated for a moment and I thought I would help out by suggesting the Anabasis, but he shook his head and said, "No - the history, the Hellenica". I had forgotten or never knew that such a book existed.

After Gabriel's, he was forced to confine his activities to part-time work in our parishes. He revelled in it, much to the amusement of those of us who knew him. He used to jest about his being no good and the had to take the cure. But while he was taking it, he was far from being idle. He used to be annoyed with the sports columnists who were always talking about what good sports St. Michael's players were in their regular defeats in the finals of the Ontario Hockey League. He decided to change all that; and, with the help of Gerry LaFlamme, he set about building up some good teams at St. Mike's. Together, they made hockey history and in many respects changed the pattern of the O.H.A.

The years slipped past and the war came. To the wonderment of all of us who had become

accustomed to this genius engaged in a multitude of odd jobs, to the wonderment of all of us, he took the tests and with his superior's permission, he was in uniform as chaplain in the airforce before most of us knew what he was up to. He served in the airforce till the end of the war, his last tour of duty in India. He returned to us with the reputation of a man of many parts, but I am sure that many a man, in those trying times and places, found consolation and help in the counsel which he gave. If there is one thing more than any other that I remember of him in those days, it is that he was always with the under-dog. O, yes, I know that he could be rough and even uncouth at times when he was cutting through the wool with which men like to beclouds their minds, but, after the sound and fury, Father Stanley Lynch would be found standing with the man who needed him. There was nothing sentimental about him, at least on the surface, though I suspect that deep down in him there were hidden wells of it. On the surface, there was only the kindness and understanding of a man of God. It was that which made him a success in his

parochial work and in his ministrations to the sick and infirm. Merriment went wherever he went, just the right kind of it to suit each occasion and to cheer each heart.

First and last Father Lynch was a Basilian. He entered the Novitiate during a trying time when difficulties had arisen between the Basilians of France and those of Canada, when the two provinces of the Congregation were about to separate. He came out of the Novitiate into the active life of the new Congregation when wise men were prophesying that it would dissolve and disappear. Some of our great men were leaving it to become seculars. Now, as I look back on it, Stan Lynch was one of the Basilians, just a scholastic then, who gave ballast and direction to some of us who did not understand what was happening. Many of us students at Assumption had been thinking of applying for admission to the community of men we had come to revere and love and some of those very men were leaving it! What were we to do? Rumour had it that there would be no one in novitiate in the year that was coming up, the year of our decision.

I remember wll our departure from Assumption that year for London for convocation. In spite of our graduation and degree, we were a pretty glum lot. Many of us wanted to be Basilians, but if the community were not going to last! My own much admire bishop told me that if I wanted to be a religious, I should be wise and join a congregation or order that was going to last.

All this was in the Spring of 1923. We went to London convinced that none of us would be going to be Basilians. But on our arrival back at Assumption all that had changed. Stan Lynch greeted us - because he had taken a year out for novitiate, he had not been with us - he g greeted us with a grin around his two ears and the announcement that two very much respected juniors had applied for the Novitiate and that rumour had it that there would be others. Within two weeks, the number had risen to seven and I was one of them. Stan was in my room the night I made my decision and I know that he had something to do with it.

He had something to do with many another decision thay I have made over the years since

then, as he has often had with the decisions of many another man in the community and out of it. He has been one man on whom every one of us could and did depend. As a confrere and classmate said to me last evening: "Stan was a contented man, happy and serious about many things, great and small, that came his way through obedience or zeal. He was always a busy man, but never so busy that he could not stop in the midst of his labours to listen to some one with something on his mind." He was a man with a mind keen as a razor. He could cut through wooly thinking in a twinkling to give guidance and help to all who came to him and to some whom in gentle kindness he sought out when they did not come. He was a man full of merriment and fond of joking, but always and ever he was a man of God, doing God's work with cheerfulness. He was our friend, faithful and true to us. Let us not forget him in death, not in gloom or sadness but with the joyful convication that in him has been fulfilled and answered the prayer which he so often said throughout his lifetime:

Lord, I pray thee give me grace to carry my sheaf of tears in such fashion that I may received my heritage of gladness among the righteous.

(Sermon preached by Father Joseph L. O'Donnell in Assumption Church, Windsor, on Saturday, May 31, 1969, at the funeral of Father Stanley Lynch. Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript, preserved in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)

In times past it was not unknown that one in the congregation would rise up and say a few words. Today, after the news of the death of Father Stanley Lynch, I feel urged to do likewise. He was one of the founders of this University, along with Father Vincent Guinan and Father Wilfrid Dwyer. His influence was strongly felt in the direction of establishing the liberal arts complexion of the institution. Liberal arts institutions are always under pressure to set up junk courses; Father Lynch was sturdily in opposition to such influences. He was dean of everything in those early attenuated days and in addition devoted himself to the teaching of Latin and Greek. He would be pleased with recent accretions to the Classics department. The students, following the lead of Alvin Albrecht, now a senior executive in the Comet Rice Company, called him the Iron Duke because of his aggressive, even ferocious demands in the classroom (though one must add that he differed considerably from Wellington in having a wonderful sense of humour.) His strategy of attack was not confined to the classroom: he used it on all sorts of occasions; and it earned him a great deal of obloquy from

those who did not understand that he expected an equally violent counterattack, and in fact was a little embarrassed when it was not forthcoming. When a student or confrere responded with an appropriately violent reply his peals of laughter were good to hear. He had a running conflict going with one of his Latin students whom he called the battle axe, Betty Koenig, now Mrs. Charles Fischer. Mrs. Fischer remembers him with a real affection. In fact all the students liked him. When I spoke to Mr. Lou Swilley about his death, Mr. Swilley held forth on what a delightful character he was. When he was chaplain in the Royal Canadian Air Force he rose to the rank of Squadron Leader, but was demoted to Flight Commander (sic. for Lieutenant): and why I can imagine. I suppose he made some ferocious attack on Somebody - and one does not expect too much in the way of humour amongst military brass-hats. He was at Strawberry Island in my time there, and Principal of St. Michael's College School when I was teaching there as a scholastic. I do not offhand recall any particular stories about him in those days; but

certainly one was always aware of the presence of a vivid personality. O yes, I remember he had me teaching boxing to the lower school students. I followed the Mike Gibbons system! Con Sheehan taught the upper school groups. Incidentally Con and I taught the same "courses" at the University of Toronto Schools in the following year while attending the Ontario College of Education.

(Homily spoken at the retreat concelebration in the chapel of the University of St. Thomas, Houston, Texas, on Thursday, May 29, 1969. Transcribed from a letter giving the text sent by the preacher to Father Robert Scollard)

Mr. Chancellor, President Thompson, Members of the Senate:

At. St. Thomas More College this year, there is a new feeling of permanence or perhaps I should say a new consciousness of an old feeling, for I don't think the Basilian Fathers stationed here ever doubted the permanence of their work. But so long as the college was housed in a white frame structure just beyond the edge of the campus, it would have been strange in them if they had been conscious of permanence. Rather were they conscious of the fact that they were living in a makeshift. When the number of our students grew and it was necessary to add an extension to the old white house, even then they knew it was a makeshift, that iw as only a matter of time till they would have to be moving on. Each year the old place shook more alarmingly as traffice on College Drive increased; each year it creaked and trembled the more with the tread of many feet. It would have to go. How, we did not know, for we had no money to erect a greystone building. But we were not very much troubled with the thought. We were counting on the growing interest in us and in the university among our Catholic people.

Five years ago, under the leadership of Justice Culliton and with the full approval of our bishops, the Catholic men of the province organized a campaign. The old white house has disappeared and grass now grows where once it stood. Our new greystone building is a reality. We have moved into it, scratched it up a bit, got rid of the smell

of fresh paint, had the plumber in to make repairs, given it a lived-in feeling. With our footings planted deep in prairie soil and a miracle of grass all around us, we should be queer creatures indeed if we were not conscious of permanence.

Our greystone building has accentuated consciousness of another sort, of something far more important than permanence, and depending in no way upon the greystone. It springs from no presumption on our part but from the heart and soul of the university. It is the consciousness of belonging, of being an integral part of this great community of minds and hearts.

One of the most striking characteristics of this university is its unity, its solidarity, its power to lay hold of every one of its parts and make it one with itself. Through twenty-one years that unifying force has reached out to us on the campus and in lecture halls, in the meetings of department and council, in the faculty club and the senate and in convocation. If today we at St. Thomas More College are more conscious of it than ever, it is because it has reached out beyond the borders of the campus, demolished our old white house and built a new one within these borders. If the free gifts of the Catholic people of Saskatchewan provided the means to build, that unifying spirit gave us the inspiration to build as we did. We are delighted with our new building and one of the chief reasons for our delight is the conviction

that we have succeeded in following that inspiration, that we have succeeded in doing what we set out to do: we have built a beautiful building in harmony with the beauty that surrounds it. Those who framed the constitution of our federation with the university wanted our college to be a part, not an appendage, of the university. They showed wisdom in the means they used to achieve that end. They identified the faculty of St. Thomas More College with the faculty of the university, and the students of St. Thomas More College with the student body of the university, and they looked forward to the time when we would build on a site appointed to us, on the campus of the university. What they set out to do has been accomplished, for the opening of our new building rounds out their dream.

It indicates something else: that our Catholic people appreciate the excellence of our university and are grateful for the magnanimity of its faculty and senate and board of governors which has made it possible for them to share in its work and its benefits.

When St. Thomas More College was established, Catholic students represented only three or four percent of the total student population. Today the total lists somewhere between twenty and thirty percent. In the beginning, all the Catholic students here could be gathered in reasonable comfort within the front room of the old building. Today even the new common room bulges with them and could not contain them all if they were all to come at the same time. The handful of Catholic students

registered in St. Thomas More College in the early years has increased to over two hundred and eighty, and there are twice as many registered in the other colleges. Most of them take as many of their classes with us as their courses and time tables will permit and all of them look to us for counsel and guidance and speak of Newman Club, which we maintain, as their home-away-from-home.

Ask any one of them what he is doing and he will tell you that he is attending university. In which college is he working? He will answer that he is in Arts and Science, or Engineering, or Agriculture, or Pharmacy, or Commerce, or Education. If he is in Arts and Science, he will proabably get around to tell you that he is registered in St. Thomas More College.

All this is an indication of what is happening here, of the unity and understanding of each other that grows among the students from personal and aily contact with each other and with students of all faiths and racial backgrounds. Prejudices that rise from ignorance are shed and understanding of each other becomes their portion and the principle of their conduct. Catholics from afar who know nothing of the system sometimes ask what happens to the faith of our young people and we rejoice in telling them that there are no better Catholics in the world. They live a common life with those who are to be their fellow citizens in the future; and they grow in knowledge of their faith and the traditions of their fathers while they learn to cherish the knowledge which a great modern university offers them. They are preparing themselves to

play their part in the world of the future in the work of the professions and in public and private life. Here without prejudice or bickering, they learn the true meaning of tolerance wo sell that the word is scarcely ever mentioned among them.

This does not mean that they consider religion so unimportant as to be unworthy of serious consideration; rather do they consider it too sacred to be used merely as the means of intellectual stimulation. They respect each other in the practice of their faith, and that is that.

Ladies and gentlemen of the senate, do you realize what this means? Here in this community of minds and hearts, here on this highest intellectual level of our provincial society, men and women of all faiths grow to the fullness of adult life respecting each other without compromise of any kind and in the practice of every virtue. I think that it promises great things for the future and that it is something for us to be grateful for.

One might ask what is the cause of such an increase in the enrolment of Catholics in the university as a whole and in St. Thomas More College in particular. There are really two answers to that question, one immediate, the other remote. One explains the startling increase of this year - and it was startling for suddenly and with little warning we found ourselves with our numbers almost doubled; the other, why it did not happen years ago.

I think the increase of this year represents the accumulated results of four years of campaigning and a much publicized Opening. We had gone to the people of the province to ask their help; we had told them about the university and the relations between the college and it. Obviously we have been good salesmen. And why not? Had we not an excellent product to sell? We had been deeply convinced of its worth and our people had been eager to listen to what we had to say about it. They have supported us generously with money to build, and now they are sending us their sons and daughters to share in the fruits of their sacrifice. There, I think, you will find the explanation why the building which they helped us to build is this year just as crowded as the old place used to be.

The remote explanation is a negative sort of thing, for it explains why the number of Catholics attending university this year is an increase instead of the normal thing. The fact is that many Catholics who had the means and inclination to send their sons and daughters on to higher education, rarely thought of sending them here. They were aware of a fact that is often overlooked in the non-Catholic world, that there is such a thing as Catholic higher education with traditions of its own, witha culture of its own. It is a very ancient culture and it is still the culture of no small part of the Christian world. Not unreasonably our Catholic parents sent their sons and daughters to colleges and universities where they would share in the traditions of

their fathers. They dreaded what the provincial university might do to the faith of their children. But when they found that they could share in the blessings offered them by a great university and at the same time drink deep of the culture and thought of the Catholic world, when they came to realize that in the University of Saskatchewan, broadminded men were big-minded enough to recognize the worth of the ancient culture and to give it a place of honour in the curriculum; when they came to realize that the university had invited priests steeped in that culture, to teach their sons and daughters literature, history and philosophy, then their attitudes changed. The growing influx of Catholic students to the campus of the university is evidence of the confidence of our Catholic people in the University of Saskatchewan and its faculty.

This brings me nearly to the end of my remarks. In our new building, you will find if you visit us - and you are all invited to do so - a chapel which has been described by those who are supposed to know, as the most beautiful of its kind on the prairies. That may be hyperbole, but hyperbole or no, it is simply beautiful, I think. It is intended for the use of our students, and we rejoice in the fact that they are using it. I have high hopes that one day we shall habe there, all the beauty of ritual, and music and the spoken word, proper to a university chapel of the ancient faith. You will find in our new building also, an auditorium-common room which relieves the pressure on the Memorial Union Building, especially at lunch time, and which

provides the means to do something serious in drama and music. You will find as well, residence facilities for the priests; offices for counsel and guidance; a music room, with records and a fine machine to play them; a seminar room and a library.

At the moment the library is little more than a reading room with the few books we had collected in the small library in the old building; but one day, we hope, this library will supplement the splendid Murray Memorial Library with something which might represent the college's contribution to the sources of reference here on the campus, something akin to the library of the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies at St. Michael's College in Toronto. We hope, in other words, to build up over the years a library of special interest to all students of the university who have a special interest in the Middle Ages. Each year we moderns are learning to look back with more and more respect to the thinkers of those ates and to recognize that they may have lessons for us to learn. To provide such a library, we have deliberately built it with easy access from the campus, and it is our intent to fill it with books which it would seem to be our special duty to supply. Through it we hope in some small way to repay the university for the generosity and kindliness it and its presidents and faculty have always shown us.

(Transcribed from the copy distributed by the News Service of the University of Saskatchewan, copy in St. Basil's Seminary Library, on December 3, 1957. Talk was given at a meeting of the University of Saskatchewan Senate)

Many years ago, a group of young men were finishing their university studies, some of which had been given in the building adjoining this church. They were a wholesome, happy group from representative catholic families. These young men had participated in the academic, athletic, social and religious activities that are expected to be a part of the training of a young catholic gentlman. NOW THEY HAD COME TO THE MOST IMPORTANT part of their career - their future professional life and there were many attractive choices open to them. Among this group was Vincent Thomson whom I had taught. He had all the qualities of his classmated with all the daring and the spirit of romance that every youth has. When the choices were known, it was found that Vincent Thomson and some others had made a curious decision - a little out of the ordinary and one which put them somewhat aside from their classmates. They had decided TO BE PRIESTS and also to join the same group of priests who had been their teachers. The announcement that they might have chosen any other profession, or even at this early stage

to have become married might have not been so surprising. BUT THIS DECISION, SO UNUSUAL AND YET SO SANE, How id it all come about?

It may have been in their parish church while listening to or talking with their parish priest, that they heard the words similar to those which the Lord said to the young boy Samuel - and like Samuel, he must have said, "Speak Lord for Thy servant heareth." Of course the circumstances are very different in Veincent Thomson's case, but like Samuel he must have said, "Speak Lord for thy servant heareth. Lord what wilt Thou have me do/" AND SO AT THE AGE OF 24 years, when he was experiening all the hopes of manhood, he gave all that he possessed even his heart to follow God in the religious life. Three years later, on the feast of St. Thomas the Apostle the one whom Christ had chided for his waning faith, Father Thomson now joined himself irrevocably to the total service of God and His people. What must have been his sentiments when at the first concelebrated Mass he said with the Archbishop at the Communion the famous words of Jesus - "Put thy hand and know the

place of the nail and be not incredulous but believing." He did go up on the corss because he had the courage and generosity to understand Christ's words, "If I be lifted up I shall draw all men to me." And he stayed on the cross.

Now the young levite goes out as God's representative. Out into the abundant harvest of Canada where he was to labour so relentlessly. FEW PRIESTS HAVE BEEN CALLED UPON to assume the direction of such diversified work as was given to Father Thomson. Think of his work as principal of schools, director of the souls of emerging Christians, most of whom he would know personally. His name and the name of his associate priests ahve become symbols of educational prowess and of christian charity and joy. From here he went into the field of finance, or as we say treasurer of our institutions. He was ever vigilant for the comfort of the staff and students alike, aware of the constant change in modes and moods. He anticipated many radical changes which were to come later in maintenance and values. But

who WILL TRY TO ESTIMATE HIS ROLE AS PASTOR OF SOULS FOR MANY YEARS in Amherstburg, later in Lethbridge and Calgary? HERE HIS BRILLIANT ADMINISTRATION WAS EXCEEDED ONLY BY HIS KNOWLEDGE AND LOVE OF people. His relentless energy. Priest he was, presbyter means old man - not chronologically old, but old in the wisdom of the Holy Spirit. What a pastor - one who knew his flock, their joys and sorrows. HE REACHED HIS APOGEE PERHAPS IN HIS work as Chaplain World War Two. What an inspiration and consolation he must have been for young men in a new emotional terrain. Can you see and hear him telling them in what consisted THE WAY THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE? They believed him, not only because they saw his sign of chaplain on his uniform, but because he taught them UNCORRUPTNESS OF DOCTRINE. He showed them serenity and blamness. He was a man in a man's world, but they knew that he was looking beyond the temporal. He had THAT LUMINOUS QUALITY SOMETIMES radiated by a priest or a nun who is WHOLLY AND UTTERLY GIVEN OVER TO AND POSSESSED BY God - that he is a powerful stimulus to others. Such a person can affect

people indirectly even in a bus line - buying goods in a shop - sometimes merely walking along the street. This eneffable thing comes from DEDICATION.

WHAT WAS THE DIRECTING FORCE BEHIND THE LIFE OF FATHER THOMSON? Not merely altruism, or sociological urgings, although Father, in his foresight was the first Basilian to take his Master's degree in Sociology. IT WAS THE CONVICTION OF THE CHOICE THAT HE HAD MADE WHEN HE STOOD BEFORE Archbishop McNeil in this very sanctuary and in answer to the call if he were ready to accept God's challenge, he said, "Adsum. HERE I AM", in the same way that James and John in answer to Christ's challenge to them if they could follow Him, said "WE ARE ABLE". And so Father Thomson, like every other priest, accepted this challenge before the COURT OF HEAVEN and the living God. HE THEN PUT HIS HAND TO THE PLOW AND NEVER LOOKED BACK. Here was the motivation for Father Thomson and every other priest. He made this venture for eternity through faith. Faith is the bulwark of every priest's life, of every Christian life, or our parents life. Henceforth Father

would lean, wait upon Christ, trusting him Him to fulfill His promise, and trusting Him TO ENABLE HIM TO FULFILL THESE VOWS HE MADE.

FAITH, LOVE AND LOYALTY HAVE CARRIED FATHER THROUGH HIS PRIESTLY LIFE. Here he lies dead before us. We shall not use EUPHEMISMS AS "PASSED AWAY", PASSED ON. Father Thomason was a realist and so he says to us now from the casket. "I have died! FREE ME O LORD, just judge, from ETERNAL DEATH. You created me. You are just, but you must have your day of reckoning. But I remember that when I was baptized the priest asked me (through my sponsor), "What do you wish?" and I said, "Faith". And when he asked, "What does Faith bring?", and I said, "Eternal Life". You see I started well and I remember too that when I was a little boy, I was prepared - perhaps FORCED some may say - to get ready for my First Holy Communion. Of course I did not understand everything that was going to happen but then I didn't know the reason for medicines, but you wanted me to live beyond last MONDAY, and my parents understood, for you Christ said, "If

you eat my flesh and rink my blood you will have life everlasting - and I shall raise you up on the Last Day. I believe that my Redeemer liveth - welcome me O God.

AND NOW, I would like to express to Father Thomson's sister, his brother and relatives the deep sympathy of our Congregation. They belong to the Basilian Family, and the ties will ever remain firm and lasting and when they pass St. Basil's they will know that it was here that their brother was ordained for God's people. Here he worked for them, and here he died for them.

(Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript, in his possession. Sermon preached by Father Leonard Rush at the funeral of Father Vincent Thomson in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, Thursday, October 10, 1968)

This is the victory which overcomes the world - our Faith. I John 5, 4.

My dear brothers and sisters in Christ:
This statement contains a great mystery. A mystery not in the sense that it cannot be understood, but the mystery contained in it is the hidden and wonderful work God has done for the salvation of men, by the victory of His Son over death and sin through his Passion, Death and Resurrection. This is the victory referred to here. And the worldreferred to in the statement is not the universal, the earth, the sky, the stars; it is not the nations of the world, nor the peoples in it; it is not the daily contacts of men with men nor nations with nations in human affairs. But the world in this statement of St. John stands for all that is perishable, all that is corruptible, all that has the mark of time in it, all that is doomed to die.

And the victory over this world of death and corruption resides in our faith. So, St. John tells us in those consoling words: "This is the victory which overcomes the world - our Faith."

Our Faith in what? In the mystery of God's love for us. "For God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son, that whoever believes in him may not perish, but have life everlasting". This then is the victory of the believer over the world - (the world of sin and death).

His faith in God's gift of his Son to men for their salvation. His faith in the resurrection of his Son from the dead. His faith in his baptism by which he shares in the Resurrection of this Son - Jesus - the Saviour. In this is the believer convinced of his victory over sin and death.

And this faith, common to all of us who believe was the prized possession around which the life of Father Hugh Nolan revolved. This was the gift from God which he prized most. And God blest him with many talents both physical and intellectual. As a youth at Assumption High School, he was a Varsity athlete. He participated in track, basketball, baseball and football. He jokingly referred to himself as the best left half at Assumption, and his coach in those days, Father Vincent Kennedy, would prob-

ably attest to the turth of this statement. Intellectually he had the ability and the desire to obtain an M.A. in chemistry, and this was the subject he taught at Catholic Central High School in Detroit, at Aquinas Institute in Rochester, New York, and at St. Thomas High School in Houston. He was enthusiastic about his subject and an adequate teacher of it. His big boast as a teacher of chemistry was the fact that he launched Father George Kosicki on his career in chemistry. As a teacher, coach and moderator of the Dads' Club at Catholic Central, he was a faithful, reliable and hard-working member of the staff. But these accomplishments were just on the surface of the real Father Hugh Nolan. He was much more than a coach, a teacher of chemistry, a moderator of activities - he was a man of Faith. This was the real Father Nolan.

I am stressing this aspect of his character because in the two and a half years I lived with him, this is the quality that came out loud and clear to me. I saw him as a man deeply

rooted in the Faith he had inherited from his exemplary parents. And it is in the Nolans I met yesterday. It is a common family trait. He was regular and attentive to his daily spiritual exercises, his Mass, his breviary, his rosary, his visit to the Blessed Sacrament. One might ask what is so unusual about this. Are these not the normal practices of religious life? Yes, they are, and the vast majority of religious are faithful to them. But in these days of experimentation - when there is a theory that your work is your prayer, when one is left on one's own in these matters, fidelity to them indicates a foundation of faith in the person and they are witnesses of its presence in that person.

Father Hugh Nolan's faith was a living faith, One that produced good works. As Father Rocco Volpe put it, "Hugh welcomed opportunities to help people." And certainly this zeal flowing from his faith was evident in the years he spent in pastoral work in Basilian parishes. In Amherstburg he and the members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society distributed truck loads of food, clothes and toys to the poor

at Christmas time. Here at Assumption parish he organized four choirs to sing the praises of God in the liturgy. He delighted to tell of his apostolate to the stray sheep at Meaford. Perhaps the biggest and most important work in his apostolate was the annual football game between Catholic Central and Monsignor Flannigan's famous Boy's Town team which he and the Dads' Club at Catholic Central sponsored each year. It was a big undertaking to fill Briggs' Stadium for this benefit game. It required men with faith and confidence in God - and untiring zeal for their cause, that of Catholic Education in Detroit. And I am sure that those of you in this Church this morning who became friends of Father Nolan through your association with him in this project, will agree with me that he was a man of faith, a faith that flowed over into works for his fellow men.

The Gospel tells us that out of the mouth, the heart speaks. The inner man is revealed in his conversation and it was precisely from the mode of his conversation that you knew where his values lay. He was a man of strong

likes and dislikes - both of person, places and things. This made him human, loveable, much like ourselves. Heaven forbid that I make caricature of him. If I did he would chastise me - Tony - don't make me a phoney. Picture me as I am. So then if he liked you, and he liked most people he met, he would likely gravitate to what most appealed to him - a person's faith. And highest compliment he could pay a person was his favorite phrase, He has the Faith. For Hugh, this covered a multitude of faults in a man. It was kindred spirit looking at kindred spirit.

He loved theAmerican people. He loved Detroit. He really never left Catholic Central High School. He loved theAmerican people not because they were American, but because to him they were people of faith. To him the sacrifices they have made to set up and maintain their parochial schools was an indication of their faith. Concerning the Sunday work, he and the Basilians in this area do, he would often remark about the volumes of confessions he and his confreres would do in the Detroit area. To him this was a manifestation of Faith,

and as a man of Faith, he responded willingly and lovingly to the needs of the laity in the practice of their faith. And with this remark I will conclude my tribute to my beloved confrere, Father Hugh Nolan - a man of Faith and an example to me and all my confreres to be kept before us as an example to follow in this age which is experiencing a crisis of Faith. This is the true path to follow - the path to victory over this age.

And now for a minute or so I want to address a few words of consolation to his brothers and sisters, his nieces and nephews and his other relatives on my own behalf and on behalf of all my Basilian confreres.

We know how much you loved Father Hugh and how much Father Hugh loved you. I know because whenever he came down here to visit you from Toronto, he always seemed to me to leave the house with a hop, skip and jump. He delighted to be with you. So it is no wonder you will miss him, as I and his confreres at St. Michael's College School will miss him. That is the sadness of death. But do not linger, please on this aspect of death. It is not Christian.

It is not what Father Hugh would want to leave behind. He wants you to erect a living memorial to him, one that will keep him present to you. And here is my suggestion to erect this living memorial to him. On this little obituary card of his write out in your own handwriting the text that I used in my introduction - on three separate lines:

This is the victory
over the world
our Faith (I John 5,4)

I feel that this is a fitting memorial to him because it embodies the theme of his life - Faith, by which he overcame the world in himself: the world of human weakness, sin, and death. Write it beneath his smiling countenance on this little card. It will be his testimony to you, his words of encouragement to you to win the victory over the world in you, over you weakness, your frailty, your sins, your death - by your Faith.

(Sermon preached by Father Anthony Kelly at the funeral of Father Hugh Nolan in Assumption Church, Windsor, on Thursday, June 26, 1969, at 10:00 a.m. Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript)

Grant him eternal fellowship with You, in whom he placed his faith and hope. (Postcommunion)

In an Advent season every Christian is called upon to live in faith and hope - for he is looking forward to the celebration of that day when Christ will fully enter his life. Marked in time by the celebration of Christmas, when Christ visibly entered the lives of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, the shepherds, the Christian looks forward to when his faith will give way to vision; his hope to possession; and the love of Christ will be all in all.

These three, his faith, hope and love give to the Christian a security, a freedom, a peace that can be found in no other way. He is aware that the truths he holds and lives by are not the products of human brilliance, but the revelations of God Himself, guaranteed by Him who said, "I am the truth". He knows that his hope rests, not on his own ability or strength, but on the almighty power of God Himself, who moved St. Paul to say, "I can do all things in Him who strengthens me". His love, too, is not his own, but a share in God's love, who so loved us that He created us - redeemed us - sanctified us. In this world Father John Meyer lived and died.

Born about 63 years ago in Indiana, he became a school teacher, a specialist in mathematics, a catholic; studied at Purdue, Michigan, Assumption, St. Basil's Seminary, and was ordained a priest in 1939. The thirty years of his priestly life were spent: ten years at Aquinas Institute in Rochester, New York, the last twenty here in Houston at the University of St. Thomas.

As you have probably heard, we were at morning prayers, he was forced to leave because of weakness and pain. A few hours later he was dead. In this we have all lost. Our sympathy goes out to his sisters, one of whom was able to fly down this morning, remain a few hours, and then had to fly back. She was not able to stay for his funeral. All of us share mutually in the loss of a priest and a religious. In his death, he was as in life, decisive. Father Meyer never wanted to be a burden to anyone. One of his greatest crosses was when he had to be told that he could no longer carry out certain tasks or duties.

We have lost a priest. Never again will there be a Father John Meyer. Others will come along to take up his work, to teach his classes, to say his schedule of Masses, but they will not

be him. Father Meyer occupied, as each and everyone of us do, a very unique place in God's creation. No one else can fill it. This overshadowed into his life and made each and everyone he came in contact with feel important. Because he saw them as someone unique, someone important before God, as someone sent to him for the exercise of his priestly ministry.

It made no difference to him, whether it was in the classroom teaching geomtry, theology, biology, or on the street, skid row, the jail, or at the Rodeo as Chaplain of the Association, whether he was preaching, or as priest at the altar - all these, to some degree or other, were the means of reaching into the hearts of men and leading them a little to Christ, to the God he loved and served.

If John ever had a real fear it was that he would betray this trust, and for this reason he constantly sought prayers, that he might faithfully be Christ's priest. He was well aware that from the moment of the imposition of the Bishop's hands, when Christ placed the awesome powers of the priesthood within him -

when by a few simple words he could change bread and wine into Christ's body and blood, or by a few others lift the world from someone's shoulders and assure them of Christ's forgiveness, he was offering his life to Christ. He was willing to share, to hear spoken to him, "Thou art a priest forever". There would be no respite; no vacation from the priesthood. His labors would end only at his death.

As a priest he was sent to play a role in the lives of men; to act as intermediary between them and God; to bring God's gifts and blessings to them; to offer their lives and gifts back to God; to make them realize how important each and every one of them was before God - so important that Dod's only begotten Son would live out his life for them, and leave his ministers behind to carry on, to show them that through their walk in life God could and would be glorified, if men would but accept his love and service.

How thoroughly, how well Father Meyer carried out his work, we must leave to the judgment of the God he served. But men can make some

judgments and thus each of the priests of his Congregation is saying two Masses for the repose of his soul and invites you to join with them, now and always with your prayers, that in the words of what is the last prayer of today's Mass, "Grant him eternal fellowship with you, in whom he placed his faith and hope.

(Sermon preached by Father Alfred Caird at the Funeral Mass for Father John Meyer in St. Anne's Church, Houston, Friday, December 12, 1969. Transcribed from a copy of the preacher's typescript, deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)

I believe it is true that I left my heart in Saskatoon. Certainly a new life began for me when I came to St. Thomas More College and the Newman Club in 1942, and in great part sloughed off the old. This probably the last occasion when I shall speak here like this. And I think I have a few things to tell you, which it has been my privilege to know at first hand, and which may interest you. How did St. Thomas More College come to be? How did the Basilians happen to come to the University of Saskatchewan?

President Murray, the first president of the University of Saskatchewan, was the one who casued St. Thomas More College to come into being. It was President Murray who brought the Basilians to Saskatoon, to take charge of St. Thomas More College. Bishop Murray was the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Saskatoon. He was transferred here from Victoria in 1934. Father Markle had been teaching scholastic philosophy at the University since 1927. Shortly after Bishop Murray came to Saskatoon some questions dealing with the teaching of philsophy came to to him. Father Daly was

staying with the Bishop at the time. Father Daly and Bishop Murray both belonged to the Redemptorist order and were close friends. Father Daly was founder of the Sisters of Service, a religious order of women. Bishop Murray had had no experience with secular universities and was bothered about how to deal with the University. He told Father Daly and asked the latter's advice. Father Daly said, "I would not touch it until you consult Father Carr, the Basilian Superior General, who has had many years experience in such matters."

"Very well", said the Bishop, "you are going to Toronto. Go and see Father Carr, and ask him to come out. There will be a meeting of the bishops of the province. I would like him to come a week or so before the meeting of the bishops, so that we can be prepared for it. I will look after his expenses." Father Daly came to see me, and I went to Saskatoon. That would be at the end of January, 1935.

For three weeks the thermometer had not risen above 20 below. But that is incidental. I said to Father O'Leary: "How do you stand it?"

"Oh, we manage." "But how do you go out and go around?" "We don't go out."

Bishop Murray had enlisted the services of a committee of laymen and clergy. When it comes to naming people in situations like this, it is a very ticklish business. Try as best one can, one is apt to leave out some who deserve to be mentioned and they will be hurt and their families and friends will be hurt. I can only say that I will do the best I can. It may read like Homer's catalogue of the ships, only Homer has this advantage over: he may have left out names, but no one can check up on him.

When I look at that committee I find that it was quite a remarkable one. Father Baudoux, now Archbishop of St. Boniface, was one. At that time he was curate and acting pastor of Prud'homme. Father Birch was another. He was pastor of St. Joseph's parish and for some years now has been second to the Superior General of the Oblate order in Rome. Father Markle later became a Monsignor in the archdiocese of Toronto, and died young, greatly

grieved by all who knew him. Father Coughlin belonged to the Redemptorist order. He was pastor of St. Mary's parish and has had a distinguished career in his order.

The laymen were as follows: J.J. Leddy. His name alone suffices to makr him out for a long and distinguished life in the service of the Church. There was no one in his day who stood out as a leader among the Catholics of the province as he did. Roger Strickland was another man on the committee. For those who have come sinc,e it should suffice to say that during the war he was the permanent chairman of the Victory Drives. The last one on my list is Emmet Hall, now Chief Justice of the Province of Saskatchewan.

That was the committee. It met in the evenings. I do not remember how often, about four or five times. The subject matter of the discussions was the education of Catholics at the University. At no time during these discussions, as far as my memory can be trusted, was there any mention of asking for a Catholic College at the University. Moreover, there was not talk

of the Basilians coming to Saskatoon. To grasp the picture you have to remember that I was not there representing the Basilians. I was there as a consultant.

There was a feeling the the committee that the University was biased against anything Catholic. It was finally decided that the best thing to do was to interview President Murray. An appointment was made for Saturday morning. Here again, I must trust to my memory. I am sure Mr. Leddy, Mr. Strickland, and myself went to see President Murray. I am not sure whether Mr. Hall was there or not. If he wasn't, it was because he was prevented by some serious cause.

As soon as we entered President Murray's office, the matter was settled. He took over from there. I had known him before. As soon as he knew the Basilians were interested, that settled it. He wanted a Catholic College at the University, with the Basilians in charge of it. He took it for granted that I was there to negogiate for the Basilians something like St. Michael's College in the University of Toronto.

It was not until some time later that he understood that he had misinterpreted the meaning of my presence. It made no difference with him. He went ahead with his plans, as if I were there to negogiate for a Basilian college. He had tremendous admiration for the arrangement at the University of Toronto.

It was near the end of his long term as President of the University. Before he retired, his great ambition was to have a Catholic College at the University of Saskatchewan, conducted by the Basilian Fathers. I do not think that I personally counted for very much. He would have been satisfied with any other Basilian.

It made quite a difference to me. I was carried away by his enthusiasm and allowed myself to become involved in a deliczte situation. I warned President Murray, Bishop Murray and the committee exactly how things stood, that I could not establish a College without the approval of the General Council of the Order, and that they were, to put it at its best, cool towards the idea. My warnings went unheeded. They were all confident that it would go through.

After that meeting everything devolved on President Murray and myself. Of course I kept the Bishop fully informed, and the committee too, and above all I kpet the Basilian General Council fully informed. My dealings with the President took place on the understanding that everything he and I did was provisional, and would have to be approved, on our part, by the General Council, and on his part by the Senate of the University. Shortly after that meeting I had to leave Saskatoon, and went to Calgary. President Murray and myself continued our negogiations in a number of letters.

As I recall it, there never was any formal agreement drawn up. When it came to presenting the proposal to the Senate, President Murray drew up a contract based on what was agreed on in our letters. In order to win the consent of the Senate, President Murray brought out Sir Robert Falconer, President of the University of Toronto, to explain the situation in Toronto, and his evaluation of its worth. President Murray was a religious man and felt that a Catholic College at the University would further the cause of religion. Besides, no doubt, it

counted with him that it would help the University to have the Catholics of the Province united in support of it.

The Basilian order is governed by a Superior General and four General Councillors and three other officials. These are elected every six years at what is called a General Chapter. This Chapter is composed of representatives elected by the members of the order, besides some, like the Superior General and the other officials, who by their offices, are members of the General Chapter. This General Chapter examines all the business of the order. The General Council can hand over to the Chapter any business of special importance, which it prefers not to decide itself. Now in 1936, there was a General Chapter coming on in July. When the proposition ffor the foundation of St. Thomas More College was submitted to the General Council, and since the Chapter was so close, and the project was so important, the General Council, instead of giving a decision itself, chose to leave the matter for the General Chapter to deal with. It was proposed to the General Chapter in July and approved by it.

That settled the foundation of St. Thomas More College. These are some of the matters I had in mind, when I said that I might be able to tell you some things you might not otherwise know.

I have something more to say to you, which is too vital to be crowded out. In the past three or four years an extraordinary ferment has been active in Catholic thinking in the United States. In 1956, Monsignor Ellis, Professor of Church History, The Catholic University of America, published in book form an address entitled, American Catholics and the Intellectual Life. It proved to produce a shock. It was like the explosion of a bomb. Stated briefly, through careful and exhaustive study it came to the conclusion that Catholics are inferior intellectually to their fellow-Americans, that Catholic colleges and universities are inferior, and that in every field of endeavour Catholics do not measure up in leadership, in fact, they trail woefully behind. The address and its views spread like wildfire. There were some angry dissenting Catholic opinions. These were remarkably few.

The general attitude of thinking Catholics was to take the charge calmly and study it, and if it were true, to set about remedying it.

That is what Catholics in the United States have been doing. In general there is a disposition to accept the case of Msgr. Ellis as fair and accurate. The excitement stirrred up was so great and so widespread that the Catholics in Britain took it up, and did some soul-searching on their own acccunt. They reached about the same conclusions for Britain as Msgr. Ellis found true for the United States, namely that Catholics are intellectually inferior. They too are now working at it.

It is a big question, too big to do more than merely state in summary fashion here tonight. It is worth understanding it clearly, that Catholics in the United States generally (we will confined ourselves to them) recognize and acknowledge that Catholic colleges and universities have been inferior and that Catholics have been inferior. It is not a nice thing for Catholics to have to stomach. If it is true, it is better to face it. American Catholic educators are eager to discuss Catholic education at the university level.

Whenever they come in contact with it or hear about, American Catholic educators become intensely interested in what is taking place here in Saskatoon at St. Thomas More College. They wax eloquent about it. They think, from every point of view, it is the most perfect answer, to what has become known as "the great debate" in Catholic education. You do not realize it. You are too close to it to see it. You have a treasure here valuable beyond price.

I will close by quoting Sir Hugh Taylor of Princeton, Chairman of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation: "The best solution in America to the question of higher Catholic education is that in existence and in operation at St. Thomas More College in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan."

Saskatoon, Feb. 9, 1961.

(Transcribed from the printed version in the Chelsea Annual 2 (1961) 73-79. Published at St. Thomas More College.

Very Reverend and Reverend Fathers, Reverend Sisters, Mr. Felix Collins, friends and confreres of Father John Collins. This morning I have chosen for the text of my homily two verses from the eventh chapter of the Book of Ecclesiastes:

Be not wanting in comforting them that weep, and walk with them that mourn. Be not slow to visit the sick. And by these things thou shalt be confirmed in love.

My dear friends.

These prophetic admonitions, taken from the Holy Bible, were fulfilled in the life of our deceased friend and confrere, Father John Collins, for Father John Francis Collins was certainly not wanting in comforting them that weep. He most certainly did walk with them that mourn, and Father Collins was not slow to visit the sick, and therefore I firmly believe that for these things Father Collins was confirmed in love. It is true that in a sense all Christians are missionaries, and that we are commissioned by God to teach all peoples by our word and especially by our good example, all those things that God has commanded. But some are called to do this in a more strict sense, and they become blessed with a vocation to

dedicate their lives to bringing the good news of the Gospel to God's people all over the world, and this was the privilege of Father Collins. And it was not by accident that Father Collins was sent by his superiors to this Gulf Coast of Texas shortly after his ordination to the priesthood. I spent my college years with Father Collins and my years in Theology at St. Basil's Seminary with Father Collins. I was ordained a year before him and sent to Texas and I missed him because we had played together and prayed together, studied together and argued together.

Because he was fleet of foot, although small in stature, he was a very excellent athlete in High School at Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, but when he came to Assumption College in Windsor, and came out for football that first Fall afternoon, it seemed ridiculous that a man so small would have the nerve to play football with such big men, and you know it gave us all a lift to see his great courage that overcame his lack of weight. He earned his Letter. That same courage stayed with Father Collins throughout his life. When he came to St. Thomas

High School in Houston he loved to teach the boys and he loved to coach them and I felt that Father John Collins had found his niche. Heere he was, just ordained, a successful teacher and a very successful coach. I don't mind telling you that his teams won most of their games and he liked to win. But I was wrong; this was not to be his life. He had joined the Basilian Fathers rather than the Diocesan Clergy so that he could enjoy the company of his confreres and to teach boys. Well, it all started the summer after he got to Texas. He was asked to do the Sunday work with Father Joe Dillon on the Missions, and I can remember him to this day, starting off early Saturday morning - of course we had no automobiles then, St. Thomas didn't have a car - and so he took a bus downtown to the bus terminal where he would get a bus to the town he was going to, be it Nacogdoches or Eagle Lake or New Gulf or Rosenberg or Wharton, and away he would go, full of zeal and happy. In those days, as you remember, we were not allowed to have anything to eat or drink before Mass - we had to fast from midnight of the

night before if we were going to receive Communion or say Mass - so Father Collins on those hot summer days began by hearing Confessions all day, one place or another. He would walk at least three miles from the bus stop to the little area where he was going to go, maybe sleep in a farm house, maybe sleep in the sacristy of a little church, and the next morning say Mass in that little church very early, baptize babies, walk with those who mourned, comfort those who wept, and then he visited the sick, he married those who were waiting for a priest to be married, and then he went on several miles to another little settlement where he said his Mass, maybe this time in a box car or on the veranda of a house; and then again the same duties as in the first place so that by 2:30 in the afternoon he was able to have a glass of water and a cup of coffee. That night he would be back, and oh, he'd be so dusty. You know there were no paved roads then, he walked through it all and I knew that he'd start off with a brown suitcase, but it was always gray when it returned. Well, he just had a knack for getting dusty, all his life. But he was always cheerful and he was

always wanting to know, "How did the boys do in the game Saturday night? Did they win? Did they conduct themselves well? How was the student body? Did they behave well?" He was not a bit concerned about the fact that he had really suffered over the weekend. Then it meant going to bed completely exhausted, but he was always up at 5:30 in the morning for meditation and for his Holy Mass, then breakfast and back to the classroom. That evening, after school, you would find him out on the field with all the renewed vigor that he had the Friday before.

He was happy and this looked like his life, but then his superiors decided otherwise, inspired by the Holy Spirit, I am sure. I know they didn't pull his name out of a hat when they were thinking of finding a missionary. They looked us all over and they looked for the one who had the qualifications of a missionary. There were several of us young priests there but they chose Father John Collins because he was quick to comfort them that weep; he was was quick to walk with them that mourned; and he was not slow to visit the sick. They knew

if he continued these things he would be confirmed in love, and that is what we need for a missionary. So Father Collins was wrenched by God from the place where he was so happy. He was torn out of there and sent to these people with whom he could at first hardly communicate because God wanted that man, that man lying there, to carry his cross among his people and to carry His word among His people, and to carry His own Body and Most Precious Blood to those people. And so Father Collins became, with Father Joseph Dillon, one of the first of the two missionaries of the Basilian Fathers who did active work. This had to be God's way of testing Father Collins in the crucible of pain. The first pain was this pain - a mental pain - the pain of separation from his confreres. It was the pain of loneliness because that is the lot of any missionary who leaves his confreres, his relatives and his friends and goes out among a foreign people who speak a foreign language, to help them because they are God's children.

Father Collins spent some thirty odd years of lonely life in the service of God. But that wasn't the only cross that he was to bear. God

decided to test him again, and this time in the crucible of physical pain, and all of a sudden it started. You name the disease, he had it. You name the operation, he had it. I used to kid him and call him "A doctor's delight", "A surgeon's walking miracle", and he used to laugh. But how true it was! He had everything happen to him, but he bounced back with the courage that he showed as a young man. What helped him, I am sure, to endure all the pain, the pains of loneliness and then physical pains that wracked his body, was his great love of God, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and his great love and his great devotion to the Mother of God under the title of "Our Lady of Guadalupe." This he learned from the people he served and loved, the Mexican people in the Gulf Coast area of Texas. He saw also that great bond of fmaily love that is so outstanding in Mexican families, and these things gave him the strength to go on without the company of his confreres whom he missed and his relatives whom he missed so much.

And so Father Collins was tested, and for these things I am sure he was confirmed in love, and

we can see it in the way he visited the sick. Any time you needed help you called Father Collins. He was the catcher of everybody's troubles, and I know this because it has been my privilege to promote the Missions for the past eight years, and I have had the privilege of being near Father Collins for a few months every year. I would sleep in the room next to him, here in Sugar Land, and, do you know that I don't know of a night when he didn't get up at least five times to get his breath, sit on the side of his bed to get his breath. He used to leave his door open, because he needed that air. He had gastric trouble, because of so many operations on his stomach, and he used to sit there. He would go out and maybe make himself a cup of coffee and smoke a cigarette and go back to bed. But it was a regular thing for him to be up, up, up during the night. But he was always full of pep the next morning. And often in the night he would get calls, maybe just somebody calling him to ask for advice, to ask for consolation. But not always. Sometimes he would get a call from some man who wanted him to come and help him right then, and I know there

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were times when he didn't feel strong enough, because he has been dying for a long, long time. There were times when he would come to my door and say, "Lee, would you mind driving me?" And I would ask, "What time is it?". He would say, "2.30 or 3.00 in the morning, but a man wants me. It's not very far." I would say, "He will still want you in the morning", but his answer was, "If he wanted me in the morning, he'd call me in the morning. He wants me now." And so it meant getting up and going with him. He had said, "It's not very far", but would you believe, 60 or 70 miles!" That to him was no distance at all, it was a case of consoling someone who needed him.

That was his whole life, that sort of thing - always going to people in need, always administering to people who needed him. That is a missioner's life and he wore himself out, not his spirit but his body. I do not know, but maybe he had been dying for a long time, but I personally saw his death approaching ten months ago. And so, Sunday he was able to drag himself out of bed and say Mass, with many pauses and hesitations, and finally he got through. He wrote out a few last words to his

will, a few additions and things, and then lay down to die. He was brought to St. Joseph's Hospital in Houston. They carried him in and put him on the bed; the chaplain anointed him and gave him the Sacraments, and he died. He had hoped to put off his death for another week or so because he had another service to render to man. He was to preach next Sunday on the feast of Christ the King, but I think God was telling us something when he took him Sunday. It was Mission Sunday.

But now I know if Father Collins could speak right now he would chide me and scold me for singing his praises, because he always said, "When I die I hope they ask for prayers". So if you will permit me, I am going to do something that I learned from Father John Glavin many years ago. I am going to ask you, when I pause here, to form your intentions with me to pray for the repose of the soul of Father John Francis Collins in all your Masses and your prayers until he needs them no longer. Now, I know this thought must come to some of you, "But, we are doing this now, three days after he died, while more than likely a man who suffered like that for Christ is already

in Heaven, and what about all the Masses that he has already had offered for him and all the prayers?" Isn't that a beautiful thought, because I can just see Our Lady of Guadalupe saying to him, "John, look at all the fruits of the Masses that were not needed by you. I am going to let you watch me pour the fruits down on this person here whom you prayed for so much, and I am going to let you watch me give the fruits of this Mass to this family here, and I am going to let you watch me give the fruits of these Masses to your fellow missionaries and to Felix Collins, your brother, and to the people who were so close to you and who loved you and prayed for you so much, and for all these Masses for your wonderful Mexican people whom you served."

Oh! my dear friends, I could go on and mention his many other virtues. I could talk about his great faith. I could give you examples of his great hope. I could talk about his wisdom and talk about his great courage, but this would only be anticlimatic, because all these virtues that were practiced by him in a high degree were overshadowed by his tremendous love, because

he had walked with those that mourn and he had comforted those that weep and he had spent his life visiting the sick, and therefore he was confirmed in love.

So let us get on with this beautiful concelebrated Mass for the repose of his soul, and then we will proceed to bury his broken body as we ask God to grant eternal rest to his loving soul.

Amen. God bless you.

(Sermon preached by Father A. Leland Higgins at the funeral of Father John F. Collins in St. Anne's Church, Houston, on Wednesday, October 22, 1969. Sermon was taken down on a tape recorder. This copy was made from the transcript of the sermon deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto).

My dear Fathers and students:
The touch of solemnity about our proceedings this evening, both in the refectory and here in the church, is not accounted for by the fact that this is the Feast of the Apparition of St. Michael. There is an event much more unique to which attention is being drawn today, and that event is the diamond jubilee of the priesthood of our beloved Father McBrady. Sixty years ago he was ordained, and with joy in his heart began that priestly career, which has proved so fruitful and the end of which, thank God, is not yet in sight.

Sixty years is a long time in the life of a man. It is a long time in the history even of a college in this country. It is a very long time in the history of St. Michael's, and of course you have to add ten or more years to that figure to reach the number of years that have elapsed since Robert McBrady came from Whitby to begin his studies at St. Michael's College. It is simply incredible what changes have taken place since then. About the only thing that has not changed is the elm tree in the playgrounds, which Father

McBrady tells us looks the same as when he first came. Everything else, and particularly everybody else has changed. Indeed barring three or four priests there is not one of us who were born when Father McBrady was already a veteran in the priesthood.

This was, however, though long ago, when Father McBrady came here as a student. Like all students of that day and this, he saw his visions and he dreamed his dreams. One of those dreams was the priesthood. The general outlines of that dream he saw clearly and pursued perseveringly, but there were many details of that priesthood which he could not have foreseen. He could not have foreseen that he was to become the greatest pulpit orator in Ontario, the music of his voice, and the clarity of his ideas, and the charm of his style making him a mighty force for good in preaching the Word of God. Nor could he have foreseen his marvellous success as a teacher or the many generations of students that would come under his influence, and go away with gratitude in their hearts for the inspiration he had given them. It is a fact that he taught

for some fifty years without a break, except for a few months when he was ill. Of course we have been informed, and we smile as we recollect it, that he always had poor material to work with. Rather I should say the good students which he had were all in the distant past. At least so he informed us many times. He was perhaps a better teacher than he was prophet, if I may venture to say so. For many of us present today who were former students of his he predicted a failure even more colossal than we have achieved because we could not write Latin according to his standards. However, if we do not remember all that he taught us so skilfully, we do remember a great deal of it, and we recall also the merry way in which it was done, and the time will never come in our lives when we shall cease to quote the resounding phrases in which he told us the kind of students we were and the blue ruin that awaited us.

There is still another element which was extremely vague in Father McBrady's schoolboyish vision of his future priesthood. It was the place he was to occupy in the hearts

of his brother-Basilians as the years rolled onwards, and especially as the riper years of his priesthood were reached. That is something too glorious to be foreseen by anybody and too good to be hoped for. When his biography comes to be written there will be in it nothing more touching than the devotion to him during these latter years of his decline on the part of the members of the staff from the Superior to the very youngest scholastic - vying with each other to show him consideration and kindness. In these years he has ceased to live as far as the outside world is concerned, though his name was long a power in that world, but he has not ceased to live in the intimate inner life of the College. Rather he has entered into a fuller life, the richer life of the affections. In this way he has brought a blessing on the College and its work, and it is our fervent prayer that he may be granted additional years to do so.

And now let me speak of a final feature of Father McBrady's priesthood which surpassed his fondest hopes even in those early St. Michael's days when hopes were high. It is

the length of years which God was to give him, far beyond the usual span. Sixty years a priest! Sixty years celebrating Holy Mass! Who can estimate the good that he has done? Who can reckon the confessions heard, the Communions given, the sermons preached, the fervent priestly prayers sent up to the throne of the most High God?

There is a versicle in the Psalms which seems to describe, even in the Old Testament, what the priesthood of the New Law was to be. "Going they went, and wept casting their seeds. Coming they came with joy, carrying their sheaves." The priesthood has many trials, for it is a life of sacrifice, even if a sacrifice made sweet by the knowledge that it is made for the love of God. There is no divine assurance that the seeding time will be one of joy; rather the contrary. But there is divine assurance that they who sow in tears shall reap in joy. In the reaping time they will carry their sheaves. What are the sheaves which Father McBrady carries today? Are they not the sixty years of his priestly labors? Are they not filled with

golden grain for the granary of God? Surely it is with confidence that he can look forward to the end.

May the priestly life of Father McBrady continue to be an inspiration to the younger priests who are still 'casting their seed', and likewise to the students who are seeing their visions and dreaming their dreams.

(Sermon preached in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, May 8, 1934, to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of Father McBrady's ordination. This sermon was preached at Benediction given by Father McBrady. Transcribed from the text printed in the Catholic Register, Toronto, May 24, 1934. Newspaper clipping in the scrapbook of Mr. Will Moylan preserved in the archives of St. Michael's College, Toronto)

"I would rather build Jesus Christ in the heart of youth than build the loftiest cathedral. Cathedrals pass with time but the heart of a youth in which the image of Christ is engraved will live forever."

A week ago I was reading with my class the poem which Catullus wrote on the occasion of the death of his brother. He stated that he had travelled over many lands and over many seas to pay these last obsequies to his dear brother. I could say the same today and a privilege and a source of great happiness it is for me to be with the McMahon family, my confreres and my friends today to attend these sad funeral rites. I am grateful to Father Paul Glynn for inviting me. I want him to know that it is a privilege which I shall always prize.

You may be sure that friendship is the force which has brought me here. I am well aware of the strength of that force. I know that it is the most valuable gift which any individual has to offer another. I know that friendship is the willing of that which is good to another; it is the willing of that good con-

stantly and the furnishing of that good for the friend. I know that a friend is one to whom you can speak as to yourself; that friendship makes pleasant experiences more delightful to yourself and the friend and that sharing adversity cuts the burden in half. All these blessings I have experienced in my friendship with Father McMahon. This is the gift which he has so generously bestowed on all of us. I know that I am only one of his host of friends. I watched the long procession of youth of adolescents, of middle age and old age who filed past his remains yesterday. They all told the same story of how Father had touched their lives. And this morning the church is filled to overflowing with those for whom he had done good.

My personal friendship with Father McMahon flowed from an apostolate in which we were both engaged for more than a third of his priestly years. And these were the first years of our priesthood. For many of those years we were engaged in administration. Father McMahon was on the staff. Our friendship was

formed and intensified by what Father McMahon was. He was a splendid teacher, who gave himself generously to his students. School-work was for him serious business, both for himself and for his students. He never wasted a moment in the classroom; he was a splendid disciplinarian, yet never harsh. He won the respect of his students who appreciated him so much especially in the years which followed when they realized how well he had prepared them for subsequent studies. Our school was at that time in its infancy and Father McMahon's work did much to win the reputation which that school (Catholic Central High School in Detroit) enjoys today. There is another who helped significantly, I refer to Father James Martin, the present pastor of St. John the Baptist Parish in Amherstburg, Ontario. There are present today others who enhanced that reputation: Fathers Wilfrid Kehoe, Louis Purcell and Patrick Lewis. Since then he was on the first staff and principal of our school in Lethbridge, Alberta, and again he was on the first staff here at St. Joseph's High School.

His subject through all these years was Physics and the other related sciences. He was a master teacher in these fields. There are those who find contradictions between the laws of science and the laws of God and theology, those who find contradictions between the laws of evolution and generation with the law of God which states — love God with your whole heart, mind and soul and love your neighbor. For Father McMahon these problems presented no difficulty. He considered science and theology as two sources of truth and truth cannot contradict itself. He enjoyed teaching those truths which God established to govern His universe. He considered all these laws a part of the eternal truth which men have discovered and which God has revealed, truths about God, about man and about the universe. God is the author of all of them. Father had no difficulty loving his science and loving his God and loving his neighbor.

He would be the first to tell you that a priest does only half the job if he teaches only Physics, English or Latin. There is another

side of the coin. What is expected of the priest has been best expressed for me by François Mauriac. He was once asked what he expected from the priest. His answer:

"I only want him to give me Christ, not to speak to me about Him. I do not underestimate the ministry of the word, but it is my personal opinion that you wish to know. For me the efficacious preaching of the priest has always been his own life. A good priest doesn't have anything to tell me. I look at him and that is enough. In a word, what is a priest to me? He is the Christ. What do I expect and what do I received? It is the Christ. He shows me Christ in his life, in his suffering. He gives me Christ by his very life."

This is the way that Father McMahon gave testimony to the Christ in the classroom and in the world of men, in the parishes where he helped on Sundays. He preached Christ and Him crucified by his very life. He taught men to observe whatever Christ commanded by the example of his own life. He strove to put on the Christ as St. Paul urges us all to do. He took St. Paul seriously when he said: "Let that mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus." He acquired the mind of Christ by meditating his word through all the years.

He realized that his work had to be the overflow of what he was himself. His ambition was to be so completely transformed into the Christ that anyone meeting him would also be meeting the Christ. He knew that he had to be a holy man. He knew that he had to lead a dedicated life and a life of prayer. He understand that it was from the spiritual powerhouse of prayer that he must draw energy to be a public influence before youth and before all men. Our Lord called those whome He first invited to be apostles, the light of the world, the salt of the earth, a light for the guidance of men's minds and salt for their preservation from sin. Father McMahon knew that it is from the life of prayer that a priest draws oil for the lamp of his life and savor for his salt and thus become an effective witness for Christ among men.

The way all this was accomplished is described in David's Psalm, the first of his Psalter.
2He is like a tree planted near running water, that yields its fruit in due season, and whose leaves never fade and whatever he does prospers." The stream along which he planted his

life was the Congregation of St. Basil. He used the graces which were provided. His students knew that they got more from him than just Physics, more from the priest who came from his altar to his classroom. There is evidence of that here today. You will find three young priests here whose avocation was partially inspired by his life:- Father Robert Madden, the Superior of the University of St. Michael's College in Toronto; Father John Gaughan who is engaged in the general administration of the Congregation; Father Arthur Waligore, a member of the Classics Department at St. Michael's. This is the way he did it in Detroit, in Western Canada and I am sure he did it this way in Ottawa. Were he to speak to you today, he would tell you that his religious life and his priesthood prepared him well for that moment which came at 8:45 p.m. last Wednesday.

There is present here today Father Edmund McCorkell, a former Superior General of the Basilian Fathers. I would like to say to him that his predecessor in that office, Father Henry Carr, made no mistake in admitting Father

Edward McMahon. He had much promise and he fulfilled it in an extraordinary way.

The accomplishments of this good priest Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament knows well, but let me summarize them.

He has built Jesus Christ in the hearts of innumerable youth.

He has gone to his classroom every morning at 8:30 a.m. and he remained there as long as anyone needed him. And every moment of that time he stood before his students a sincere teacher and an exemplary priest. An admirable work this is.

For 36 years of his priesthood he celebrated Holy Mass every morning. He ate your Flesh and he drank your Blood, O Lord. And I know that you, O Lord, have promised a fitting reward for such a one.

For 64 years he has been a real source of consolation to his family who will miss him greatly. I would like to thank them today for giving their brother to be our brother in the priesthood.

O Lord, you know that he gave every bit of his strength to his work in the priesthood. On Sunday last he was appointed to offer Mass at St. Elizabeth's. His superior didn't want him to go when he discovered that he was not feeling well. He insisted on going.

During all these years his outstanding virtue has been his loyalty: loyalty to his students, loyalty to his friends, loyalty to his religious family, the Basilian Fathers, loyalty to his own family, loyalty to the priesthood and to his God.

Lord, You have said that those who have instructed many unto justice will shine as the stars for all eternity. We know that you will keep your word.

This is not the message which Father McMahon would have me convey to you today. He, like most of us, would see only his mistakes, his faults, his offences. He would want me to ask you his brother priests, his students, his relatives and friends to pray for him that his stay in Purgatory may be short and that he may immediately enjoy the presence of the Lord whom he has known, loved and served so well.

Our sincere sympathy goes out to his brothers and their families. You will miss his friendly visits. We ask Our Lord to comfort you and us in your great loss and ours. Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord, and let eternal light shine upon him.

(Sermon preached by Father James Embser in St. Basil's Church, Ottawa, on Satuday, April 11, 1970, at the funeral Mass for Father Edward McMahon, at nine o'clock in the morning. Transcribed from a xerox copy to the preacher's manuscript preserved in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)

The beautiful gospel just read was a recitation of the beatitudes as set down by St. Matthew. It presents for our edification and consolation what scripture scholars love to call the proclamation of the charter of the kingdom of heaven. It is our charter and it is Father McLaughlin's charter. It guarantees us in a litany of consoling ways that the reality of our human dependence on the love of the Father is our one assurance of ultimate salvation.

Throughout the christian ages exegetes like the holy Augustine, Gregory the homilizing Pope, Bede the Venerable, and the angelic doctor Thomas Aquinas have explained and interpreted these beatitudes according to the taste and understanding of the ages they lived in, the quality of their personal genius, and the warmth of their faith and charity. Even moderns, with their finer touchstones of textual chriticism and literary form, as evidenced in the impressive work of Louvain's Jacques Dupont, still caress and lovingly expound the beatitudes uttered in whatever way by Jesus whether on the mount or on the plain.

Explanations and exegeses of the beatitudes, varying as they do from age to age and from Christian to Christian, all concur on one point; the spirit of the kingdom of heaven, whatever else it is, is a new spirit, and a venturesome one. The formulaic words of Jesus, which occur many times throughout the fifth Chapter of Matthew — you have learnt how it was said ..... but I say this to you — make it abundantly clear that the mark of the kingdom is the constantly recurring awareness that something new is taking place. The Christian experiences, time and time again, new and unexpected recognitions; he is constantly becoming aware of the infinitely wondrous and varied manifestations of God. The Christian's very vocabulary, composed as it is of words like conversion, dedication, commitment, reformation, repentance, yes even of more fashionable words like confrontation, involvement, and sens of relevance, reflects such awareness and such awakenings. The Christian, filled with the excitement of the epiphany of God in Jesus Christ is ever on the point of some new adventure in which to serve God for the good of man.

The life of Terence McLaughlin, like that of his fellow Christians, was a succession of such awarenesses associated as they are with the reception of the various sacraments and with the normal process of living with God. But he had, it seems to me, more than a common share of unique experiences in Christian living, and it is these especially which I want to mention as we pay together our last respects this morning.

First among these was his receiving from his superiors and advisors an invitation to give himself to lifelong research in medieval law. The situation evoking the invitation was that conjunction of circumstances which, in the late 1920's, produced the Institute of Mediaeval Studies. When the unsual invitation was put to McLaughlin, the Institute was just getting under way and was still an anomalous kind of institution — a sort of compromise between the expansive vision of Gilson, Phelan and the Basilians of St. Michael's and the restricted facilities available in terms of men and money. The project was daring, demanding, selfless; but it was also new, Christian and outward oriented. Several young Basilians, George B.

Flahiff, Vincent Kennedy, Alex Denomy and Reginald O'Donnell, in addition of course to Terence McLaughlin, committed themselves to it as their way of hearing the call of Jesus to the newness of life in the kingdom of heaven.

McLaughlin spent the next five years in Strasbourg and Paris becoming as proficient in medieval law as his own talents and labours, and the competent guidance of the distinguished jurist Gabriel LeBras, could make him. By 1935 McLaughlin had become an authority on early monastic law (the area of his thesis) on the methodology of early juridical studies, on the editing of legal texts, and on certain special problems, notably the history of usury, the nature of the marriage bond, and the genesis of rules for living in ecclesiastical community.

In 1935 Father McLaughlin joined the faculty of the Institute undertaking to conduct and publish research, to train students who came to him for instruction, and to serve in an applied capacity on such tribunals and legal committees as might be useful to church, order,

or university. From 1935 to 1968 as professor, and since 1968 as professor emeritus, he has been faithful to these commitments, taking his place among the world's top scholars. On this morning's occasion, which is both sad and happy, I render him on behalf of his colleagues and students past and present, public expression of deep and enduring respect and gratitude. And I render him a further word of congratulation on his seeing, as a newly ordained priest back in 1930, that Christianity's new spirit where he was concerned, was to be found in the selfless acceptance of positive leadership by imaginative, courageous, and scholarly administrators.

The second of Father McLaughlin's unique experiences in Christian living came in 1940 when his religious superiors, in a situation of urgency produced by the outbreak of World War II, requested him to accept the superiorship and presidency of St. Michael's College. His presidency of the college between 1940 and 1946 was, in terms of frustrating handicaps, unmatched by that of any other presidency in the long history of St. Michael's. Particularly was it marked by the following crises: first, the high

school division (then on Bay Street) expanded so unpredictably and so rapidly because Catholic boys from all over the province wanted in unprecedented numbers to obtain university entrance, that a decision had to be made to move the high school to another site, a decision formally made by McLaughlin and his Council during 1944; secondly, and somewhat paradoxically, because of the war, the college division was in decline, graduating only 16 laymen in 1945 in contrast with 55 in 1940. Moreover, the government was contemplating at the time closing down all faculties of arts, and although it did not do so, only students who obtained high averages were allowed to remain in college. The high school it seemed had to be moved away at a moment when the very future of the arts college was imperilled.

These were trying and discouraging times in which to conduct an institution like St. Michael's, and Father McLaughlin with his faith in God and his conviction in the essential validity of liberal learning, along with his grit, stability, and if you will permit the word, stubborness, was the right man for the job.

He was not the kind to retreat from a bleak prospect, nor one to hesitate to search for alternatives to a threatened apostolate. He tried quite a number of unusual expedients which many of you might not think characteristic of him. He demonstrated, for example, in practical action that a small arts college even in wartime could serve a harassed government by collaborating with it. He established, accordinly, military training in both high school and college. He sent students to Saskatchewan to harvest wheat. He saw to it that students who were trying to bypass government regulations were scrupulously weeded out. He demonstrated, again, that his professors not only should but could, in spite of curtailed enrolment, be kept active and their morale saved, by finding them students to teach by the unlikliest devices. He imported, for example, a group of Benedictine clerics from New Hampshire; he canvassed for possible students in every cranny of the province; he accepted part-time chaplaincies and instructorships in training schools, enlistment centres and convalescent hospitals; he opened in 1943 a Summer School of Catholic Thought. Also during these

years, when college athletics naturally declined, he encouraged the development of music and drama, and he broke with longstanding college policy by opening to women facilities and services long closed to them on what had hitherto been a largely male campus. The battle with the times was not McLaughlin's alone to conduct: he had stalwart administrators around him because he was the kind of man men would work for — Basil Sullivan his registrar, Viator McIntyre his principal, T.A. MacDonald, his bursar, and Joseph O'Donnell his director of student activities. McLaughlin leaned heavily on all of them, gave them a free hand in their area of competence; but ruled every one of them with a strong hand, as the times seemed to demand.

McLaughlin's presidency ended on a more relaxed note. Hostilities on the European front ended during 1945 and in March 1946 the first veteran students were received into the college. The veterans came just before McLaughlin completed his term of office. He was the hard, honest, knowledgeable kind of man whom they could resist and respect; and they were (although he tired

to hide it) men after his own heart. Their coming made it possible for him, on relinquishing office in 1946 to return to his research in medieval law with an added sense of both personal and institutional fulfilment.

Father McLaughlin's third experience with the new spirit of Christianity came in the editing of Mediaeval Studies which he undertook in 1962 and continued until the day of his death. Not many Canadians have had the experience of editing a demanding international and severely scholarly journal, and very few Canadian scholars have possessed the combination of judgment, knowledge, patience, painstaking attention, and tact absolutely essential for such a task. Mediaeval Studies was a great journal before McLaughlin took it over. Under him it remained great but became, as well, orderly, contained, and punctual in a sense not before achieved. McLaughlin's colleagues have followed with satisfaction, and with some amusement too because of its predictability, his determined policy to advance the date of the annual publication which had always been late, sometimes

as late as March of the succeeding year. He advanced the date first to November (to avoid, as he said, the Christmas rush), then to October, and finally into June of the preceding academic year where he had always wanted it. With equal satisfaction his colleagues watched him almost single-handedly index the first twenty five volumes of the series, and then set up a continuing index, a model of its kind.

A number of characteristic qualities remain as memories with us whom Terence McLaughlin leaves behind. We know and appreciate his great love for Rome, a love he cultivated for ever so many reasons: because Rome is a source of western law; because it is the home of the popes, to whom, he has always been vitally and aggressively attached; because it is a city which it is so rewarding to explore. The list of people whom Father McLaughlin has introduced to Rome, disclosing to them the city's warmth and affection, is larger than we shall ever know. This unusual side of one we otherwise think of as a severe and even forbidding scholar developmed from a special community appointment of the Basilian chapter of 1942 which elected him to the curial

office of procurator general. Followkng his term as president of St. Michael's he began to reside in Rome for a part of each year, continuing to do so almost annually until 1960. It was in Rome — and on the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth — that he wrote most of one of his most important books The Summa Parisiensis on the Decretum Gratiani.

It will be no more than just if in Basilian memories McLaughlin and Rome remain convertible terms.

McLaughlin will be remembered by his confreres for his attachment to his religious house. He was always at home, and he was immensely content to be there. He was a man with a stern exterior but with a real and friendly sense of humour who made it a point to pass on the right little joke to the right people. He was a man whose opinion was always respected because it was usually so frighteningly, even annoyingly right. It is said, and I think truly, that during the sixteen years he served as one of three judges on the archdiocesan regional tribunal, he never had a judgment reversed by a higher court. When he judged

with the majority the decision stood; when his was the minority opinion, the case was invariably thrown out. He was a good lawyer, and a good judge, but not a legalist in the contemporary derogatory sense of the word. He loved law too much for that.

Let me say a word of gratitude to Father McLaughlin's family, not only for coming to his funeral and for sharing our grief, but for their life-long gift of so fine a relative to so unique a service of God.

Let me close these remarks by returning to the scriptural readings of the funeral Mass. I used the theme of the continuing newness of the Christian experience as found in the beatitudes to share with you reflections on the extraordinarily contemporary and timely aspects of the life of even a medieval scholar. I should like to conclude by adapting for you the opening sentence of the particularily appropriate first reading which was selected from the fourth chapter of Deuteronomy: "And now, McLaughlin, because you have taken notice of the laws and customs and observed them, may

you have life, and may you enter and take possession of the land of Yahweh which the God of your fathers is giving you."

(Sermon preached by Father Laurence Shook at the Funeral of Father Terence McLaughlin in St. Basil'sChurch, Toronto, on Friday, September 18, 1970, at 10:00 a.m. Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript.)